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BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT
20TH REGIMENT
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
1861–1862

LIEUTENANT COLONEL AND COLONEL
39TH REGIMENT
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
1862–1865

The gift of his nephew
JAMES HARDY ROPES
1930

PAUL JOSEPH REVERE

A MEMORIAL

OF

PAUL JOSEPH REVERE

AND

EDWARD H. R. REVERE

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TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION

I have had this book reprinted and the pictures added, with the hope that it may keep alive in the minds and hearts of you all the knowledge of what the war meant, and what our fathers and your grandfathers and great uncles did for their country fifty years ago.

PAULINE REVERE THAYER.

1913

MEMOIR

It is not easy to write the life of a young man. If in any way remarkable, whatever may be said seems, from one point of view, to indicate what he might have been, had a longer career on earth been permitted, rather than what he was. But regarding the matter in another and a more religious light, considering that every life is admirably finished, and every work well done, that has carried out the purposes of Heaven, we see how the discipline and development of youth discovers subjects of importance for our thoughts; and we turn back to remember more particularly what has happened in this brief time.

Paul Joseph Revere, the fourth son of Mary and Joseph Warren Revere, was born in Boston the 10th of September, 1832. He was named Paul for his Grand-

father Revere, and Joseph for his father, and was christened on the day that his grandfather would have been one hundred years old.

This narrative of his life must be slight and imperfect, only touching upon the most important incidents and points of character, with what help may be derived from the events of the day, and from his mother's journal, and his own letters and those of his friends. His mother says: "Paul has left with his friends so high an idea of his character as to make it unsatisfactory to attempt to delineate it; knowing, as I do, that one must fail in expressing half his worth or his importance to his family, or his value to the world. But words are the only means of conveying to his children an idea of the power he possessed, and of setting before them the facts of his life."

It is interesting to trace the spirit of a remote ancestry in the varying fortunes of descendants. A little observation often leads one to refer some striking quality that has made a man conspicuous,

to the influence of noted circumstances upon a distant projenitor. This may be true in the case of the subject of this sketch. He was removed by only three generations from a family of Huguenots named Rivoire, who on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., in 1685, fled from their home at St. Foy to the island of Guernsey in the British Channel, off the coast of Normandy, where they might enjoy the exercise of their religion safe from the alarms of persecution and war. Here, we can well imagine, in their steadfast resistance to oppression, and in the energy which at last secured an asylum for their liberty of opinion, may be found a clew to those prominent traits which have been recognized on this side of the Atlantic, and in the possession of which he of whom we now write had a decided share.

A boy of thirteen years, called Apollos Rivoire, was sent to America in 1715, by an uncle prosperous in mercantile affairs, who recommended to his correspondent that he should be put to the goldsmith's

trade. It would appear that the family were in a good position at home in France, as letters from this merchant, and from another member of the family, a lawyer, prove them to have been educated people. At twenty-one he returned to Guernsey to visit his relatives, but decided to make America his home. He followed the goldsmith's business, aud altered his name to Paul Revere; and in course of time he married Deborah Hitchborn of Boston, by whom he had several children, one of whom was Col. Paul Revere of Revolutionary memory.

Colonel Revere was born in 1735, and was brought up to his father's business. In 1757 he married Sarah Orne, who died young, leaving six children. After a few months, his household being in sore need of a mother's care, he married again a very excellent and charming woman, Rachael Walker, by whom he had eight children, four of whom survived their parents. Colonel Revere was in the Royal army in 1756, serving under Colonel Gridley at Crown Point as second

lieutenant. From that time, when he was but twenty-one, he was remarkable for his judgment, energy, and influence. He was associated with the leading men of the day in all the important matters of that stirring time. With a large family to support, he yet found leisure and abundant spirit for all public interests. With well-considered, settled opinions, his will was strong; while his general gifts rendered him competent to great emergencies, and equal to great events. The result was, that, in a crisis like that of rousing the people to conflict on the eve of the first struggle for our independence, he was the wise counsellor at home, and the daring actor in the field. Colonel Revere was quick in perceiving the striking features of the hour, with a ready genius to portray them, which made him the off-hand artist of many caricatures intended to bring ridicule upon the enemy, and the author of various sketches of interesting scenes of which he was an eye-witness. He designed the bills of the Continental money, and engraved them

with his own hand. His practical skill was also turned to good account in the casting of guns for the use of our army during the Revolution. He remained in the service of the country throughout the war, leaving his wife to direct and provide for his large family. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-four years.

The oldest son of Colonel Revere's second wife was Joseph Warren Revere, named for Dr. Joseph Warren, afterwards the Major-General Warren, killed at Bunker Hill, the intimate friend of Colonel Revere, "one of the shining lights of these colonies, and the first great martyr to the national cause."

Mr. Revere was born soon after the first general rising to arms, while his father was away in the army, and lived until October, 1868, being nearly ninety-two years old.

As he grew into manhood, and was called upon to assume its responsibilities, he entered the business which his father had established, and by degrees took the lead in, and management of, its affairs.

To him it was given, by his enterprise and care, to relieve his parents of all worldly anxiety in their declining years; and he remained a blessing in their household as long as they lived.

Mr. Revere married in 1821, gathered about him new and varied interests and connections, was the head and blessing of another household, and educated a large family. This much, at least, is of moment with regard to Paul's name and descent in the line of the Reveres.

On his mother's side he was also connected, as on his father's, with highly intelligent and influential people.

His maternal grandfather, Edward Hutchinson Robbins, was for many years in political life, and held the office of Judge of Probate for Norfolk County through a long term of years, and was always the honored friend and counsellor of the country round. He lived to the age of seventy-two, leaving a memory rich in private virtues, in happy social qualities, and in wide labors for the public good. His father was Rev. Nathaniel

Robbins, the minister of Milton parish for fifty years. His mother was Elizabeth Hutchinson, a near relative of the governor of Massachusetts of that name. His wife was Miss Elizabeth Murray, whose father came from Scotland, and settled in North Carolina before the Revolution. She was of a family of Murrays that still are to be found in Scotland, living on the old place called Philliphaugh. Judge Robbins lived at Brush Hill, in Milton, where the homestead is still owned and occupied by his son, Hon. James M. Robbins.

With this brief mention of his ancestry, we will now turn to the immediate subject of this memoir.

Of his boyhood Paul's mother writes, "He was a very fine child. Early in life he took an idea so clearly that I was often surprised. I remember his waking one morning when he was about five years old, in my room, where the rising sun shone in, and saying, 'I will get up and ride over to see my Aunt Maria on the sun.' It seemed to me to show quite a

remarkable conception of what he had been told,—that his aunt, Mrs. Balestier, lived at Singapore, the other side of the world. Again, at seven years old, he staid out one day longer than I expected. I asked him where he had been. 'In the graveyard,' he said, 'looking at a funeral.' 'Did it not make you feel badly to see it?' I asked. 'No,' he replied. 'I knew the man had gone to heaven. It was only his body there.'" "His will was very strong, and made him difficult at times to manage." But all that is implied by this is, that he was high-spirited, unwilling to be forced, but easily persuaded and led by his affections.

There was always something about Paul from early years that led to a fond degree of consideration in the family. What Paul said or did, or failed to do, may have been of more than usual note then, as it always was later, not only at home, but among his playfellows and friends. He showed as a child no precocity in the way of books; neither was there a special backwardness on his part

in the little studies common to his age. He liked poetry,—both to learn it, and to have it read to him. His mother says that when he was going away to school for the first time, he said to her, "I shall want Mrs. Hemans, and I cannot carry that great volume." She gave him a small one instead; and it may be imagined how, as all boys of that day did, he pored over the story of "Casabianca," and "Bernardo del Carpio," and the like, or gave himself up to the music of the gentler verse. His memory must have been good; for all through his life he would at odd moments throw out snatches of songs and hymns that were the delight of this careless time.

His summers were spent in the country at Canton, Mass., where his father had a home in the neighborhood of the copper-works. The Neponset River runs through the grounds, bordered by woods and rocks and pleasant fields. There was the beginning of Paul's love of nature and country life. A boy a little older than himself was employed to wander around with him;

and so it was those charming hours of idle youth went by.

When he was eight years old, it seemed important that this holiday life in summer should be somewhat changed, and that he should be brought under a measure of school discipline and into the methods of regular instruction. It was decided, therefore, to send him to Milton, the next town to Canton, to live with a Mrs. Gile, the widow of a former minister of the place, and a friend of the family, where he would still be within easy access of home, and able to attend the academy daily. His school-days in Milton, continuing through two summers, may have afforded to those who had the care of the academy few indications of his future dignity and force, and left them little to say, but that he was bright and well enough for his years.

It is evident, however, that his mother was alive to the promise which was afterwards so well fulfilled. She writes of his going to Milton, "It was a great struggle on my part to let him go, lest some wrong

impression should come to him. He was a great favorite among his companions in the town, and led in all their doings.

"I went to Milton to tell him of the death of a boy he had loved, and said, 'I was afraid you would feel very much the death of Franky,' who was killed by a gun. 'I saw it in the paper,' was his answer, 'but I would not believe it was he.' He carried through life this habit of requiring evidence for a fact. He could not believe current stories without abundant proof. I copy," she adds, "an extract from my diary when I parted with him: 'I feel him to be a great treasure, and fear something may influence him unfavorably. I am sure under good impressions he will make a superior man.'"

Two years passed with little to mark them here. In the winter of 1842 Paul attended Mr. Brooks's school in Boston. During the next four years he was preparing for college, under various instruction in the city,—not showing any special gift, and seldom standing in near relations to his teachers. At fourteen he went to

Dorchester into Doctor Davis's family,—a man of high attainments, who, beyond caring for his studies, directed his reading, and treated him as a companion, making his work pleasant to him. In 1848, when he was sixteen, he entered Harvard College.

Up to this time, there had been no want with him of friends among those of his own age. Indeed, he held close companionship with a large circle of lively boys, who looked to him as their leader, accustomed to refer their little matters of interest to his choice and decision, and who felt that no play could go on and no plan be carried out as well without him as if he were at hand to cheer and help. The house was not unfrequently overrun from morning till night with some of these intimates, who loved Paul dearly, and felt his influence for good. His personal strength and activity enabled him to be among the foremost, without effort, in the manifold enterprises which stirring boys attempt; and his judgment in difficulties, and skill in games, were acknowl-

edged and admired by his fellows. Boys are quick to discern the qualities fit for a leader, and yield to their power gladly; and their opinion is usually sustained, as in this case, by a similar recognition and approval in a larger range of experience as the years go on. In a notice that appeared in a daily paper after Paul's death, written by one of these early and constant friends, this sense of his influence is thus strongly expressed: "When a boy, in that truest of republics, the playground, his companions instinctively recognized in him a leader. There that keen sense of justice, which seemed to be part and parcel of him, was so conspicuous that he was the well-known umpire in the boyish disputes of his companions; and we fondly recall the often used expression, 'I'll leave it to Paul,'—an arbitration which was, we believe, always assented to by the other party of the dispute; and we may add that we do not remember one case where the equity of his decision was not acknowledged and supported by the majority of his playmates."

From school to college is a short step. But the change in life is great. One carries with him there a character in the process of being formed, and finds an entirely new field for development and growth. There is larger freedom, wider opportunities, higher privileges, every thing at hand for education, for general experience of a literary kind, and for social entertainment. A boy just sliding into youth falls easily into the duties for which he has a gift, and into the companionship for which he has a taste; and he uses his talents and unfolds his nature under the most favorable circumstances. Temptations and trials there are to meet him, but not at all more than those which young men have to encounter in other lines of a roving or business life. His studies are refining, so far as he pursues them; and his employments are adapted to his position and his probable place in the world. If he desires class distinction and liberal attainment, he gives himself up steadily to books; and if he desires an easy course, and looks forward to no pro-

fession but that of a cultivated gentleman, the way is open for him to choose his friends, who may be his friends for life, and to go on as far as it pleases him in departments of science or literature,— an interest in which will always insure him a certain esteem and consideration in the world.

As Paul had been at school, so he continued at Cambridge. Never having been used to much application, he did not turn over an entirely new leaf when he went to college. He did his work as well as many, but gave himself to the general advantages of the time rather than to its particular instruction and stricter discipline. His mother's statement is, that "his life at Cambridge was more marked for strength of character, and the power of influence, than for the love of study. He had good taste, and enjoyed books." That is, he was still a leader among his associates,—respected and admired; and a reader rather than a student, and very likely even at that early age more of a thinker than a reader—not getting through

many books, but pondering a few, And when books tired him, he had his own way of arriving at a knowledge of men and things by habits of observation, which he had always practised, and which were of the greatest service to him afterwards, when he came into more serious contact with the world.

One who heard him recite for a few weeks, in making up a part of his course in rhetoric, says of him, "Paul used to come to my room at certain hours, with his book under his arm, and entering with a most easy, gentlemanly air, would seem to throw the responsibility of the matter entirely on me. He was there, not to recite, but to keep an appointment. For the mere text-book he appeared to care nothing, and to deem it of small account. I generally thought that he had not looked at his task, and therefore tried to give him an idea of the subject, page after page, that he might not be wholly deficient; and in this way I found, that, while of 'Campbell's Rhetoric' he was quite ignorant, he knew enough of the

subject, and had opinions of his own sufficient to make him equal to the full expression of his views upon any subject that he was called to write or speak of."

A portion of Paul's class, some of whom were his personal friends, were far more inclined to entertain themselves in their college life than be devoted to study; and a spirit of lawlessness had pervaded the class before the final outbreak of fun and disorder, which ended in Paul's suspension for six months of his sophomore year. This was a time of trial, and yet it was by no means without a good influence upon him. He never felt the punishment was unjust; but, in the months that followed, he endeavored to apply himself more earnestly to study than ever before. He spent this time in Rev. Dr. Lunt's family of Quincy, where he secured the friendly regard of a most intelligent, cultivated man.

The last two years of his course at Cambridge passed without any thing especially to mark them. New friendships were formed, some of them among the

pleasantest of his life. He gained a knowledge, that was valuable, of men and things. If he took no high rank for scholarship, he was in no way wanting in the practical information fitted to his age, that would be important to a man of general affairs. He graduated with the respect and affection of his class, which was abundantly manifest in the sorrow expressed at the time of his death.

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of his class, held July 15, 1863:—

Resolved, That called upon for the fourth time, by the death of Paul Joseph Revere, to record an offering of the Class of 1852 of one of her bravest and best to the cause of our country, we desire to express our profound sorrow, and our sense of the loss we have sustained.

While we have followed with a proud interest the career of our classmate, on the Potomac, in the prisons of Richmond, through the blood-stained fields of the Peninsula, at the hard-fought fight of Antietam, and finally at the head of his regiment in repelling the recent invasion of the North, we have recognized in his calm courage, his persistent fortitude, and his heroic self-sacrifice

at the call of patriotism, honor, and duty, the qualities fittest for the time and the cause.

In recurring to the memories of our pleasant college-days, we shall cherish the recollection of Revere as one, who for simple manliness, for contempt of all that was false or mean, for cheerfulness and equability of temper, for desire to promote peace and good-will, and for a strict sense of justice and the right, stood among the foremost.

Aware of Revere's domestic virtues, of the pleasures of the home he left when the Nation summoned him to her service, and of the affection which as a son, brother, husband, and father, he bestowed and received, we desire to communicate to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy with their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions stand upon our records as a testimony of our grief at the loss which has been suffered by us, by our classmate's family, and many friends, and by the Country in her hour of need, as well as of our pride that a life so noble and so complete has been crowned by an end so glorious.

July 28, 1863.

My Dear Mrs. Revere,—I must ask your indulgence for an accidental delay in the transmission of the enclosed resolutions passed by our class on Commencement Day.

While we should shrink from even appearing

to intrude upon your sorrow at a time like this, we cannot help wishing to say to you how much we loved and esteemed Paul while he lived, and how dearly we shall cherish his memory.

Of our sympathy you need no assurance, and words would seem very feeble. We can only hope that you will be sustained, if not consoled, in your grief, by your recollections of a life that embraced so much for which it was well to live, and your pride in a death for a cause best worth the dying.

On behalf of the class and of myself, I am

Ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

S. Lothrop Thorndike.

A friend, writing of Paul at this time, recalls "his tall, slender figure, yet well developed, with signs of great strength and endurance, and the air of one who had grown fast, to whom it was a little of a weariness, sometimes, to carry about his unaccustomed size. Not that he was awkward or heavy in the least; but there was an easy, lazy way with him then, when there was nothing to call for alertness or vigor, very characteristic. This, together with an imperturbable manner when he pleased, and a silence not at all shy or dull, but owing to a natural prudent

reserve, and a proper indifference to ordinary talk, and a quiet humor that enjoyed immensely the fun and nonsense in his way, rendered him noticeable and interesting at a period of youth when most gay fellows are so uneasy and full of words. I remember seeing him in the streets of Cambridge, an undergraduate, not in any marked degree handsome, except as to his form, yet drawing attention by his gentlemanly air, which was that of one who understood himself and others, and who would find his place, or make it, in the world. And so it was afterwards. He was never *out* of place, but filled his position gracefully and well, wherever he might be,—whether loitering in the country, or occupied with city interests. Amid the trials of the camp noted for his discipline, and in the perils of the fight among the foremost of the brave, it was the same unassuming, high-toned, well-appointed gentleman you saw and heard of, and could not help admiring from first to last."

If there were some familiar records of college clubs, societies, and friendships,

to refer to, there might be a better idea formed of Paul's course at Cambridge, as has been intimated, than can be given here. But such reminiscences are seldom forthcoming. It is little considered, at the time, that the social meetings and the daily intercourse of this happy period may be of any interest beyond the moment. Yet early life often gives the keynote of all that is to come.

As a member of the Hasty Pudding and Porcellian Clubs, we may believe that Paul contributed his share of spirit and merriment to those pleasant occasions. Full of apt conversation, humor, and anecdote, appropriate to his age, he appeared at such times, perhaps, his best.

In the summer before he left college, he started with a friend for Moosehead Lake and the wild region beyond. Left by his companion near the lake, he followed his original plan; taking an Indian guide and a canoe, and penetrating the forests as far as the source of the Saco,— a point which it was said a white man had never reached before. His stories of this

new experience, his descriptions of the scenery, and the occasional glimpses he gave, unawares, into his own nature, rich with happy tastes and resources, were very entertaining.

In the same line of outdoor enterpise and recreation, he made two or three trips with one or more friends to the Adirondack Mountains, spending weeks at a time, each year, camping out, hunting, living upon game, learning new lessons of nature, developing his powers, and laying up a store of fresh and useful memories. He was a proficient in the arts pertaining to this sort of life, and went prepared with nice arrangements and little comforts,— the outfit needful for emergencies, —and usually brought home a saddle of venison that he could tell the history of, or, as a trophy, the head of a deer with branching horns, which was preserved and kept. One of these he hung over the mantlepiece of his little room at home, where he spent so many hours of his opening manhood. His hunting-knife was given to one who delighted in these

pastimes with him, his hunting-cap to another. And so, with these gentle reminiscences, we come to the end of his favored youth. It was a bright page to look back upon; and he was never tired of turning to its enjoyments, to catch anew something of its light-heartedness as he went forward into the path of a more responsible life,—a life, indeed, in which, as has been well said, he filled a very large place in the comparatively small sphere of home, and of those who knew and loved him.

In the summer of 1854, soon after he was twenty-one, he went on a trip to Lake Superior. His father wished him to inform himself with respect to the copper region there; and his love of adventure, combined with a useful object, made the expedition, for the most part, a delightful one to him. It was here, however, that he met with an experience which threw a shade of sadness over the whole memory of that time.

He had spent a month favorably for

his undertaking, and had crossed the lake with two gentlemen interested in the same affairs, to visit the mines with them. On their return, arriving at the shore, they found there was a high wind, and the lake like a disturbed sea. These three gentlemen were expected to take an open boat, with two ordinary boatmen of the country to manage it, for a sail of many hours. Paul said, "This is against my judgment. Let us wait." The reply was, "You have no experience in this matter. We must go; and you will do as you like." He took off his boots, and all clothing but a close under-suit, putting his handkerchief and his watch and compass in the bosom of his shirt. One of the gentlemen (Kershaw) lay down in the bottom of the boat, and slept. On rounding a point a few miles from their starting-place, the boat capsized, and all were thrown out. Paul saw the men sinking about him, and begged Doctor Pratt to hold on to the boat, but he thought he could swim. Paul saw him sink, and dived after him. Upon reaching the surface, he found him dead,

and the other man gone, with one of the boatmen. Only one was left, clinging to the bottom of the boat. Paul said, "Get on to it, and I can save you." The man answered, "It is no use; you don't know the lake." With a tone of authority, Paul ordered him to do as he was told; and the man obeyed. Securing a hold of the boat, Paul then began swimming, and in that way reached the shore, being in the water more than an hour. Of course he could rest, floating meanwhile. The feeling that the life of a human being was in his hands, under Heaven, stimulated him to new exertions; for he had to contend with a strange indifference with regard to himself. Often, too, he was obliged to rouse this poor fellow, beginning to doze in his prayers. The man knew the best place to land, and told him there were loggers in the woods he could guide him to. At length they reached the shore, entirely exhausted. The boatman sank insensible on the beach, and for a moment it was all desolation for Paul. Looking at the boat, he saw his outside

coat hanging under a seat, where it had caught. Eagerly he regained it, remembering the flask that was in the pocket. It was still there. He poured some brandy into the mouth of the man, and rolled him in the sand until he revived. The strain upon both mind and body had been so great, that he had no power at first to move. At length, however, a little rested, before sundown they started through the woods for the loggers' camp, where they finally arrived, but not until his handkerchief had been used up in binding his bleeding feet. There they were kindly cared for, as far as it was possible, and remained over one day. Paul deeply felt the painful task before him, of going to Eagle Head to tell the young wife of Doctor Pratt of his fate.

A correspondent of "The New-York Times" gives the following account of this occurrence:—

"Revere of Boston, Mr. Kershaw, a clerk, and Dr. Pratt, a physician to the Minnesota mine, left Portage Lake for

Eagle River. On reaching Lake Superior they found a severe gale blowing, and a heavy sea tumbling in from the lake. It was with much difficulty they launched the canoe through the surf. But once out, and the wind subsiding, they ran rapidly and safely some six miles; but when abreast a bold, rocky shore, where the reef makes out a mile and a half, the wind suddenly freshened. A high sea broke over the reef, instantly swamping the canoe, which at the same moment capsized, throwing all out to some distance. Mr. Kershaw and the younger boatman, unable to swim, sank immediately. The other three, regaining the canoe, clung to its side. Soon Dr. Pratt, a powerful swimmer, thinking he could reach the shore, struck off, but suddenly went down within half a mile of the canoe. Mr. Revere and Robiscault, the elder boatman, after clinging two hours to the canoe, regained the shore. To Mr. Revere's courage and presence of mind is due both his own and Robiscault's preservation; and had Dr. Pratt followed his

entreaties, and remained by the boat, he might also have been saved.

"Robiscault, an old boatman and an aged man, repeatedly gave up all hope, and was with difficulty persuaded to maintain his hold, and says he owes his life to the persuasions and constant assurances of Mr. Revere, that they would reach the land in safety. He relates, that, holding on himself to one end of the canoe, Mr. Revere grasped the thwarts at the other, and, throwing himself on his back, swam the frail bark with rapid and undeviating course to land, distant a mile and a half, and finally dragged him, half unconscious, on the beach. The bodies of the three unfortunate men have since been recovered."

Few young men, indeed, few men of any age, have met a greater trial of their faith and energy, their inward spirit and outward power, than this. It tested thus early his ruling qualities. It showed to what he was equal. It proved his clear perceptions, his ability, his will, his power to lead and help, and do the duty to be

done. The particulars of this affair were little known. He never told them to more than one or two. He said they were too terrible to speak of. It was a page to be turned over,—not to be forgotten, but to be kept to himself alone. He came home with a change in his look and tone. His careless youth was left behind. The ordeal he had passed through sobered and developed him. He had been too near death to be ever otherwise than keenly alive to the solemn realities of his being, or to the obligations laid upon him to accomplish the work for which he had been spared.

A single incident connected with this event is too striking to be lost. A few weeks afterwards, a brother of young Revere was crossing Boston Harbor in one of the ferry-boats. Seeing a group of people on board, apparently much interested in some story a man among them was telling, he drew near to listen, and heard this tale of Paul's prowess given with spirit by a stranger from the West, who declared that it was one of the most

wonderful instances of nobleness and endurance they had heard of in that region, accustomed as they were to exposure and peril of every kind.

Some year's later a nephew of Paul's, following in the same track of travel and inquiry that he did, visited the neighborhood of this disaster on Lake Superior. Strangely enough, he fell in with the old boatman who was saved, and who had some remembrance left of what occurred; but his mind was so much beclouded by age and intemperance, that there was little to be gained from him.

The next year or so of Paul's life was a period of some trial to him. It was a time of waiting for fit occupation, instead of earnest, active, definite work, which a young man of high purpose likes to be engaged in. He had the wisdom to know that he must be patient until there was an opening for him. But it was not wasted time. It was a season of quiet development for his excellent natural powers. He thought much, and turned to books as a resource and pleasure;

studying French, and looking into dramatic literature, and finding a fund of rich entertainment in old English plays, and in the lighter comedy of a later day.

In the autumn of 1855 circumstances offered him a field of interest and abundant usefulness. A large wharf belonging to his father had been burnt over, and required rebuilding. The conduct of this important business, and afterwards the care of the property, fell upon him. It was a laborious employment, compelling him to be engaged constantly with its details, and thus appeared to be a favorable beginning for whatever mercantile enterprise might be before him. Here it was, on this wharf, day by day, that he met with opportunities for sympathy and effort in behalf of the poor and suffering. His observation of the unfortunate, and his application to their wants, was unwearied. Indeed, he was peculiarly alive to the claims of all such classes of persons. Many were the forlorn children, wandering and begging about the streets, that he provided for; and he was the last one to

see a neglected, tempted girl, without inquiring how she lived, and putting her, if possible, in a protected situation. Thus it was that he filled his place, cheerfully performing his various and sometimes irksome duties, and refreshing himself with the pleasure of doing what good he could to others. Faithful and useful in these relations, what more could he have been? A good life is after this pattern; and the best life and the noblest cannot rise above it.

Of the home-side of his experience, and the traits he manifested in society and among his friends at this time, his mother writes, "It is difficult to describe the social qualities of one who thought nothing of himself in relation to society, who only obeyed his friendly feelings in the way his position allowed. He was genial and graceful in all his intercourse; with fine powers of conversation, always expressing the most decided opinions in a calm manner; with good taste, gifted in various lines of entertainment; capable of severe exercise; fond of sport,—

of hunting, fishing, driving, riding; with a self-possession equal to the event of the moment, his self-government fitting him for wise decisions in the most conciliatory manner; every one about him turning to him to say what was right and best. He despised gossip; and many is the common detractor that has been checked in a kind spirit by a demand for authority and evidence with regard to an evil story thoughtlessly told. It is, in fact, quite impossible to give an impression, to those who did not know him, of his personal influence, or of the enjoyment of his friends in their intercourse with him, or of the dependence they placed on his judgment and energy. His step on the threshold brought a sense of security and happiness to his family. If there was anxiety, who could better relieve it; and if there was peace and sunshine, who more ready to share in it, and add to the comfort and joy?"

One of his sisters, referring to this period of youth, writes, "——told me some days since that you were anxious to

recall some of the lighter characteristics of our dear Paul. Could I give you any thing that to me would seem worthy, or would show what real humor he had, I should consider no labor too great; but I cannot express what I so well know. I have tried to jot down a few little childish recollections; and they may serve to remind you of him. I have greatly enjoyed the vividness of his presence which I have had in trying to live over with him these past few days.

"I think Paul had, from a very little boy, the power of impersonating any character which interested him. He used to love ballad poetry; and I can remember liking, and yet hating, to hear him repeat 'Casabianca,' because I often could not keep the tears back, and because I felt as if he were 'the boy.' So strong is this feeling, that I can never get rid of the thought when I see this piece of poetry.

"Certain passages of Shakespeare I remember and know wholly from the thrill of terror I felt in hearing him re-

peat them. So perfectly did he lose his identity when playing in private theatricals (for which amusement he had a strong taste), that on one occasion, when he took the part of a French *notaire* (rather the villain of the piece), I remember feeling a certain doubt whether he were not showing his real self in this part, and whether all his life previously had not been acting. He threw himself so completely into the character, that the impression left on me was painful.

"He could imitate the cry of bird or beast with wonderful accuracy; and when he would spring round the room, up in the corners, or on some high place, chattering and scolding like a monkey, I felt afraid of him, for the moment, as I should of the veritable animal.

"When we were children, he was always thinking of tricks and pranks that we could play together; and he had the most comical way of looking quite grave and innocent when we were found out. And then he would assure me he should never have done the mischief if I had not

suggested it; until, often, I have really believed, that, some way or other, I did originate it. Finally, he would add, 'I forgive you, I forgive you,' making me feel myself the guilty one. This, however, was wholly by ourselves. He never shielded himself from punishment by any such fun.

"One Christmas Eve, when I was a little girl, he completely took me in by making me tell over to him the different presents for all the household, and then bringing in his own name so naturally, that I fell into the trap, and told him what his present was to be also, to the great amusement of father, who was listening to us.

"When we were studying French together, he would not speak in French before our teacher, although he was so thoroughly prepared upon all grammatical points, that Dr. Arnoult used to say, 'Ah, Monsieur Paul est à cheval sur les principes.' But, when Dr. Arnoult was gone, he would shower forth sentence after sentence of French intermingled with

broken English. A natural shyness made him unwilling, except as a joke, to try his knowledge of the language. Often did I beg him, amid my shouts of laughter, to let Dr. Arnoult hear him once; for his accent also was excellent.

"When we were playing together very much like children, though we were grown man and woman, he would sometimes suddenly stop, and feign being hurt. Although many experiences of the trick had made us all wary, yet so perfectly would he act his part, being quietly grave, and as if he was controlling himself in pain, that thousands of times I have had my sympathy wholly roused, and told him how sorry I felt; then he would show me by some extravagant expression of suffering how completely I was tricked."

To go on now with the more serious course of his manhood. Paul was married to Lucretia W., daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Lunt of Quincy, Mass., on the 17th day of March, 1859. Their first home was, for a few months, in a suite of

rooms in Boston; but, with the coming on of summer, they moved to Quincy. In the autumn they took a small house in Tremont Street, near his father's, which was prettily fitted up to suit their tastes and wants. Here, in the following year, a child was born to them,— a boy, named for one of his early friends, Frank Dabney.

Engaged in business, still occupied in leisure moments with books, in daily intercourse with a large family circle, with a host of young admiring friends about him, adding variety to his home, every thing went on smoothly and brightly till the first alarm of war and preparation for the field in 1861. It was in the winter preceding the fall of Fort Sumter, that a friend writes of going to see him one evening, and hearing his first utterance of feeling upon the subject. "How well I remember it!" he says. "Paul was sitting before the wood-fire in his parlor, smoking; his wife with her basket of work at the table; every thing cheerful and happy. The conversation turned to

the stirring events of the day. Paul remarked upon the excited state of the public mind at the South, and upon the strong inclination of the people there to fight for disunion. 'There are plenty of those young men,' he said, 'hot for the field.' I was rather incredulous; but he insisted that he was not mistaken, and added significantly, 'I know of one, too, who will be ready in such a cause to go forth to meet them.' I looked about his pleasant room, so full of peace, and with the light and promise of many a blessing, and thought of what it would be for him, and such as he, to give these comforts up. And often have I recalled that scene and conversation since, and felt what high resolve was his, and what a sacrifice he made, and had already then determined to make, when the hour came, of every thing dear and precious in this home below.''

That year was rich in simple satisfactions, delightful to look back upon. His shining qualities grew more conspicuous; and he used the time kindly and well in

cementing old friendships and in the common ways of civility and entertainment. The following letter from a friend in reply to a request, that he would try to give some idea of Paul as he was at this time, free and light hearted among his intimates, affords the best information that can be made use of upon this point:

BROOKLINE, Oct. 22, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. REVERE,—It gave me great pleasure to get your note, and would give me still greater did I feel able to properly give you the information you wish.

Paul, though only a year older than I, was three years ahead of me in college; and, as college men associate more intimately with their own classmates than with those of other classes, it came naturally to pass that I was more intimate with Paul in the five years that succeeded my graduation than ever before. What added to it was our little social club that we called "The Terrapin."

We were nine years younger then, and had had little either to sadden or sour us. He, was the best man who could make most good hits; and nobody had the right or the wish to feel hurt by them. In this respect, Paul was well known as one of the strongest of us. Sometimes we would

all turn on him, and try to overwhelm him; but he was too good a fencer, and seldom was worsted. I do not mean to say, by any means, that we were astonishing wits; but I do affirm that we were all very fast friends, and well disposed to be merry at small provocation.

I rather think that the first good wishes that your boy got was when his health was drunk at a meeting of "The Terrapin" just after he was born.

All these recollections may seem frivolous to you, and perhaps they are so: but to me they are very sweet; for the essence of them, after all, is affection, which is one of the few things that really amount to anything. And again: these recollections are cut off sharply from my present life, almost as those of an old man who looks back at his youth. The war was enough to cut anybody's life in two by a broad gap. Our club was too much changed in those years to live afterwards. Paul had fallen on the field of battle. My very dear friend Ellis had died far away. Palfrey had returned, but with a grievous wound and broken health. It was no longer the same thing.

All this gives no material to aid you; but, indeed, I have none to furnish: you cannot put the social charms of a man in a book form. Witness the uniformly unsuccessful attempts to give us a real idea of the attractions of such men as Charles Lamb or Irving. We can very easily say that

Paul was brave, even among the bravest; that he had coolness, and sound sense, and a sentiment of honor that never failed. But then there are many brave, honorable, and sensible men, who do not particularly interest us, and therefore we have omitted something; and that *something* is precisely what is nearly impossible to be conveyed in writing. . . .

I am sorry to have given you only a few of my recollections as they come up before me.

Ever very faithfully yours,

T. L.

This brings us to the end of the peaceful path which our friend was allowed to pursue on earth. As soon as there was a call for troops to put down the rebellion, his heart was warmly engaged in the matter; and the moment he saw his way open to a proper post of duty, and place of influence and trust, he offered himself, as did multitudes of the bravest and best, to maintain the cause of the country. His home in Boston was broken up in the summer of 1861. His family removed to Quincy; and he attached himself as major to the Twentieth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, which was being recruited at

Readville under Col. William Raymond Lee.

From this day to his death, his career was that of a soldier, discovering gifts, and developing powers, especially adapted to that service.

It was at this time that he received the following note;

No. 29, Winter Street, July 24, 1861.

My Dear Paul,—We have selected a sword, belt, and knot for you; and it is now at Bent and Bush's. Will you call, when in town, and look at it? as we want your approval before having it marked.

Yours ever,

E. C. Cabot, for

A. Coolidge,	W. P. Mason,
T. Cunningham,	W. G. Cabot,
F. L. Lee,	C. W. Loring,
C. Dabney,	A. Lawrence,
D. Lamson,	B. Crowninshield.

In the summer of 1871 this sword, taken from him at Ball's Bluff, was returned to his family by the courtesy of a Confederate officer, whose name is unknown.

Major Revere, in the camp, gave himself, with his wonted energy and spirit, to the task of filling up the regiment, and bringing it into order. In this arduous work he was associated with many youug men with whom he had always stood in friendly relations. Their high tone gave in time a character to the regiment, and helped it to win a name of honor which it never lost.

His mother, in her journal, tells how his family was affected by the step he had thus taken. She writes, "On the 16th of July, 1861, we moved, as usual in summer, to Canton, and prepared our minds for the departure of Paul. His camp was near enough for us to see him daily, and to understand his strong feeling on the subject of the country, and for him to be aided by his father's wonderful firmness and enthusiam for the cause. It helped to carry us through his departure. His wife and all our united family knew the full force of what we were to endure at that moment. We were sustained alone by faith in the wisdom of God. I had

resisted the impulse which led Paul to this solemn decision. I could not be reconciled to the terrible sacrifices he must make to go. If I had at all realized the great future that hung upon the conversation I had with him, I should have treasured up every word he uttered. It was so much above common remarks. I made all the objections a mother has the right to express. I reminded him of his father's age, our habitual dependence on him, most of all his wife and child, the breaking-up of our family happiness, which was founded upon principle and affection, and was the gift of God. He answered, 'I have weighed it all; and there is something higher still. The institutions of the country, indeed free institutions throughout the world, hang on this moment. The more a man sacrifices, the more power and right he has to influence other men. I should be ashamed of myself if I were to sit down in happy indulgence, and leave such a great matter as this to take its course. I can carry other men with me; and with them must

struggle for the freedom and the principles that have built up this nation. I will never go without your consent, but I shall be humbled if I stay at home.' Of course I said, 'Do as you think is right.' He obeyed his strong convictions, and left all and went. And we, suffering the utmost, put our trust in the mercy of God, or we could not have born it."

The regiment left Readville on the fourth day of September, 1861, and was ordered to the Upper Potomac. There they were encamped at Poolesville, Md., for more than a month. In the mean time, Dr. Edward H. R. Revere, brother of the major, had joined the Twentieth as assistant surgeon.

The following extracts from letters written at this time contain some of Major Revere's first impressions of camp life:

SUNDAY, Sept. 15, 1861.

I find myself this morning in camp at Poolesville. We arrived here last evening, half an hour after dark, and consequently did not pitch tents. Indeed it was hardly desirable; for a more perfect

night I never saw, a bright moon, and not a cloud, with the ground perfectly dry. We shall be about four miles from the Potomac, between Edward's Ferry and Conrad's Ferry. The enemy keep pickets on the other side of the river to watch us.

The three regiments are encamped together on a slope between two higher ridges, not high hills, but of the same character as all the country on this side of the river,—hills of very much the same shape as the hills in Quincy, with rounded tops. The country is very beautiful, large farms in all directions; the one on which we are, being of seven hundred acres, a large portion of which is under cultivation. The trees are very fine; all the trees that we have at home, except elms and maples, and many that we do not have,—evergreen-oaks, gum-trees, and many others. The oaks are the finest that I have ever seen.

Sept. 29.—It has been quite cold for several nights past, with frost, which disposes of all fears of fever and ague. I very much doubt if it is ever to be feared here, with ordinary care, as it is a hill country, with sandstone formation, and under cultivation for more than a century. I have undertaken the mess lately; and it is a great provocation to me, with my fondness for shooting, to see pigeons, quails, and squirrels about in numbers, and not to be able to shoot them: but as we can only fire guns between the hours of ten and

twelve, owing to their being mistaken for the guns of sentinels, I have to let them go .

Again, in the words of his mother's journal, "On the 21st of October was fought the fearful battle at Ball's Bluff, in which our forces were defeated; and both our sons were taken prisoners, with Colonel Lee and other officers of the regiment. We suffered much with the intelligence; but, as various events transpired, it proved a much greater trial than we could have anticipated, and gave us a sad winter in 1862. There are many published accounts of the battle; and we had interesting descriptions from our friends in the Twentieth Regiment."

A private in the Twentieth writes as follows:

POOLESVILLE, Nov. 16.

What I am about to write I saw, and you can rely upon it. Sunday, Oct. 20, at about two P. M., I saw the officer of the day run to the drummers' quarters, and order them to beat the assembly; and the Twentieth Regiment was soon formed at company quarters, and marched to Edward's Ferry, where we remained until four o'clock;

BALLS BLUFF, HARRISON'S ISLAND IN THE FOREGROUND

when we crossed the canal, and marched to Conrad's Ferry, opposite Leesburg. At this place we laid down to rest until eleven o'clock; when we were ordered to sling knapsacks, and stood in line for an hour or so, and then crossed to an island in the river.

This island is three miles long, and divides the Potomac River into two equal parts. The Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts Regiments remained on this island till morning; when the Fifteenth commenced crossing to the Virginia side. The landing was at the base of a hill which rises nearly perpendicular to the height of one hundred feet. In order to gain the summit, the men were obliged to defile single file to the left, and then to the right, when an open field was gained upon the heights. As soon as our forces reached the shore, the enemy's pickets hastily retired, having wounded only one of our men. Five companies of the Fifteenth Regiment were ferried across as fast as our limited means (which consisted of only one old scow, capable of carrying seventy-five men) would allow. When they had reached the high land, the companies formed, and marched in good order for some distance; when they were fired upon by a concealed foe, and thirty fell,—all wounded in the leg except one, who was shot through the body, and killed. Our brave men rallied, charged upon them, and drove them

from their covert. At noon, it was decided to make a stand; and the Twentieth Regiment were ordered to prepare to cross. We marched up the hill, happy and gay, ready for the fight. As we were winding our way up the hill, we met a soldier, who said, "You will have fun soon after you get to the top." Other companies pressed forward until seven were in line of battle, under command of the resolute Col. Lee.

At two o'clock, four regiments were in order, ready to receive the foe. Fifteen minutes later, firing commenced in the woods upon our left, and increased to a steady roar of musketry. The struggle was severe on both sides; but the enemy were driven back by our skirmishers without the aid of the main body; not, however, without losing ten or twelve men. Shortly after this skirmish, Gen. Baker rode up the hill; and his presence made our force five hundred stronger. He rode up to Col. Lee, and in a familiar, unceremonious manner, said, "How do you do, Col. Lee? We have had a chance at them, at last." Then, turning to the line, he added, "Boys, do you want to fight?"—"Yes," was the response. "Then you shall have a chance," said he, and turned his attention to the field.

I have not stated what regiments composed our force. They were the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, California and Tammany

New-York. Gen. Baker told us the truth. The enemy attacked our front in force,—not apparently with any intention of pressing it, but for the purpose of attracting our attention in that direction, and then to turn our left flank. In stating our force, I forgot to mention one battery, consisting of one thirty-two, and two four-pound howitzers, under command of the Rhode-Island Third Artillery.

These pieces opened fire on the rebels, and drove them back; but it was only to draw a vigorous fire on our left. The action now became general; but to give you a description of it, God knows I never can, for it was beyond my comprehension. We were ordered to advance and fire. Those who had sufficient presence of mind did so; but many fired at random, without stopping to observe what they fired at, or where they fired; and the result was, that a number of our own men, especially our artillerists, fell by the hands of their friends. The firing continued with terrific fury. Our men, becoming calmer, fired with better effect, and paid more attention to orders.

The thirty-two-pound gun was stationed on the left of the centre; and we had to march up even with this piece to deliver fire. The third time of our advancing to fire, I cast my eyes about the field, and saw our four-pound guns completely deserted: not a man was near them. I was thunder-

struck at the thought that our field-pieces were lost; they being our only hope. About this time Gen. Baker called out, pointing to our thirty-two-pound gun, "Boys, stand by that gun. Defend that, and the day is ours; but, if that is lost, we are lost." Meantime, the gun was fired five or six times; and every discharge caused a lull in the fire of the rebels, but only to commence again with greater energy. Our company began to fall thick and fast, being in the most exposed position,—near the gun upon which the enemy's fire was concentrated. Three of the four horses attached to the gun were shot. The safety of the gun now depended upon the bravery of our men. Every time it was fired, it recoiled, and started down the hill. The gallant boys grasped the wheels, and, stopping it, reloaded it, and ran it back again.

The enemy had now gained our left sufficiently to command the little open space upon which we were posted; and they covered the ground with missiles of death. Gen. Baker and Col. Lee were passing over the field in every direction, cheering the men, perfectly regardless of personal danger, and of the dreadful carnage around them. We were ordered to cease firing, and to lie down; but it was some time before the order was understood so as to be generally obeyed. The demons contrived to advance through the woods on our left, keeping up a constant fire, but with less effect; our

men having all fallen upon their faces, with their rifles cocked, and ready to fire when ordered. "Rise up!" was heard. "Forward, boys, forward!" We obeyed; opened a murderous fire upon them, and continued it for some minutes, the enemy returning it with vigor. At this time our gun was fired; and away it went down the hill, till it brought up in a little valley fifteen rods from its position. I was at the distance of thirty or forty feet, and saw it start. I ran towards it, hallooing at the top of my voice, "Stop it, stop it!" But it was gone; not a man taking hold of it. The enemy's fire began to slacken; and finally they retired from the field.

If ever I felt anything like joy, it was at this moment. We carried the wounded to the rear, and formed our line of battle again. Retreat was out of the question; having only one boat to carry us across the river. In half an hour the enemy returned, and renewed the battle. We were now pressed with an overwhelming force, and driven back. Gen. Baker fell dead. Shortly after, Col. Lee gave orders to fall back. We retreated to the water's edge, where the greatest confusion prevailed. Col. Lee ordered Major Revere to hoist the white flag; but it brought no relief. The boat had carried over two loads of the wounded; and, when it arrived the third time, men rushed into it, and filled it to overflowing. It was shoved into

the stream; and, when one-third of the way across, it sunk. The cries that came from those poor drowning mortals, I shall never forget. Col. Lee, Major Revere, his brother Dr. Revere, and Adjutant Peirson, now started up the river, and I followed them. We travelled about a mile, and came to a mill. Before reaching it, we saw a negro, who started and ran, but was made to return by the promise not to injure him. He told us that there was no force about there. He said that there was a skiff "down in the river: follow that path, and you will find it." The party was now increased to twelve or fifteen.

I went to the water's edge, looked up and down the river, but saw no boat: I turned back to where I last saw my companions, but could find no trace of them. What to do now, I was at a loss to determine. I thought of the river; but it was wide, the water was cold, and I was foaming like a hound after the chase. I saw that the officers must be taken prisoners, and that, if I followed them, it would be to share their fate. God had protected me through one terrible scene; and I felt encouraged by the thought that he would enable me to cross the river in safety. I then took off my equipments, and laid them under a fence with my gun. I found a board, took off my coat and shoes, laid them on one end of it, and headed my frail bark towards the stream. I took a

strong and steady stroke, and continued it till I reached shore upon the island. The bank was steep; and I crawled to the top on my hands and knees. Straightening myself up, I took a few steps forward, and fell to the ground. I received only one or two scratches on my ear. A spent-ball struck me on the foot, making me a little lame. Our loss is heavy. What are left of us are being armed and equipped anew. I want to live to see the enemy defeated once. The men fought bravely; but our unfortunate position lost for us the field.

The incideuts of their capture that night, on the bank of the river, as they were looking in vain for a boat to convey them across; the discomforts and weariness of the road to Richmond; the trials of the tobacco-house in which they were first confined, and the horrors of the jail to which they were subsequently removed, can only be known fully to the sufferers themselves, and to those who have learned the story from them. The prisoners endured a hurried march from Leesburg on foot, for fourteen hours, through a severe rain-storm, without food until they stopped to rest. They were then

taken in the cars to Richmond, and huddled into a large tobacco-house, where they found some unfortunate men who had been there since the battle of Bull Run, three months before, and made an addition of several hundreds. There were nearly eighty officers on the lower floor, in the same apartment, without mattresses or covering, or any change of clothing, and supplied with prison food. This seemed hard enough to those who had never known what any real privation was before. But a harder lot was yet to befall some of them, with a refinement of cruelty, which, of course, it had never entered their minds to conceive. The following letters will give but little idea of the suffering or privations which Doctor and Major Revere endured during these long weeks.

Each of them carefully gave the most hopeful and cheering view that he could of the trials which they had passed through, and which were yet to be borne.

RICHMOND, Oct. 27, 1861.

MY DEAR LAURA,—I wrote you a few lines on Friday, stating that we had been taken prisoners, —Paul, Col. Lee, Lieut. Perry, Adjutant Peirson, and myself. Last Sunday I rode up to call on Gen. Stone; and, he not being at home, I rode down on the tow-path with Col. Devens, who informed me that some of his troops were on an island in the middle of the river, and he was expecting an attack. After I left him, I met Col. Lee, with about two hundred of the Twentieth, marching up, and was ordered to get my instruments, and follow as soon as possible; which I did. We remained on the tow-path till about twelve o'clock, when we crossed to the island, where we found Col. Devens about to cross the river with a part of his regiment. He crossed in small boats, the largest only carrying about a dozen men. Col. Lee followed with a hundred men to protect Devens's rear, in case he was forced to retreat. Every thing was quiet till after daylight; when Paul and I, with several other officers, who were taking a view of the other side of the river, were saluted with a few scattering shot from some of the enemy lying concealed in the woods. In a few moments we heard two or three shots; and one of our sergeants was brought over to the island wounded. By the time I had dressed his wound, the firing was again heard, as if a large force was

engaged; and soon after the boats commenced bringing over the wounded. Paul, during the night, had had a scow, which held about sixty men, brought around the island; and, the first trip it made, it brought over thirteen wounded. I, being the only surgeon, was, of course, very busy for some time; so that I could not see much that was going on, until about half-past eleven, when some other surgeons arrived. At that time, the rest of Devens's regiment had mostly crossed; and, a little after twelve, Paul and the rest of our men were ordered over, and I went with them. We had hardly arrived at the top of the river's bank, when the firing again commenced, and continued, with slight intermission, until sundown, and in fact, after dark. We were receiving small re-enforcements all the time, and got over about fifteen hundred men. Our men fought well; but it was of no use. We were outnumbered, two to one, and were surrounded. It was a dreadful slaughter; and it is wonderful how any of us escaped. I tried, at first, to find a place for the wounded, where I could attend to them; but the firing was so heavy, and from so many directions, that after two or three trials, I gave it up, and devoted myself to bandaging the wounds to stop bleeding, and sending them across the river. You can form no idea of the closeness of the fire. The enemy were within three hundred feet of us; and

the air was perfectly alive with bullets. There were two howitzers brought over; but they were of no use, the officer in command, and most of his men, being killed at the first fire of the enemy. It was the same with a six-pounder which arrived afterward. The horses were all killed, and all but one of the men. Of twenty-two of our regimental officers who went into the battle, we know that ten are wounded or killed; and five of us are here; and the others, I hope, may be safe. After the battle was over, we walked some distance up the river in hopes of finding some means of crossing, but met a party of cavalry, and surrendered. We were taken to Leesburg, and, after a dentention of three or four hours, at two o'clock were started for Manassas. We had a march of fourteen hours, with only one rest of about twenty minutes, when we arrived at Sedley Mills. We expected to remain there all night, but had scarcely got a fire built, and a comfortable seat, when we were ordered to march. We proceeded some miles farther, when we arrived at what is called the "Stone House,"—a house which was used as a hospital during the Bull Run fight. It rained hard during the whole march, and the mud was awful. The next morning we were carried in wagons to Manassas, and after having remained in a barn, which was used as a guard-house, all day, took the cars for this place in the evening. Capt. Single-

ton of Mississippi, who came down from Leesburg to the Stone Church, was a very gentlemanly person, and treated us with all the consideration that he could: in fact, all the officers have been polite, with one exception. I think it is very probable that we may be sent farther south in the course of a few days. We are, of course, not very luxuriously accommodated, but have enough bread and meat to eat, and water to drink, provided by the government; but we have to purchase every thing else. Our lodgings are in the lower floor of a tobacco-house, with about seventy others. I hardly dare think of you at home, your anxiety must be so great; and we hardly dare hope that you have heard that we were prisoners. If there is any possibility of sending any thing to us, we need underclothes more than any thing, as we have nothing but what we had on, and we shall have to husband our money with the greatest care.

E. H. R. R.

Richmond, Oct. 24, 1861.

I take the first moment to send you word of my safety and health. I am, as I trust you may have heard, a prisoner at this place, captured with Col. Lee, Edward, Adjutant Peirson, Lieut. G. B. Perry, after the battle near Leesburg, on Monday, Oct. 21. Of course, my own misfortune has been nothing in comparison to my anxiety on

account of the distress of all at home on our account. I have endeavored to keep up the hope that correct reports of our fate might have reached you, but have had to reflect that no one who escaped might have known it. You must trust that the same Providence that has carried me unharmed through great danger will still be over us both for our greatest good.

P. J. R.

Oct. 27.

I wrote to you Thursday 24, and hope to communicate with you occasionally, as the authorities now seem inclined to accord whatever facilities they can consistent with a strict guard of their prisoners. We have plenty of wholesome food, and have been able to purchase such necessaries as were of immediate importance. It is, of course, an unfortunate event in our career; but, when you reflect how much greater cause for unhappiness the friends of those brave fellows who remain on the field have, we must believe it is for the best, and trust that the same Hand which led us through that rain of bullets will guide us still. The friends of those who fell may indeed be assured that no man can die in more thorough discharge of his duty than they did.

The admiration of all the officers of other regiments, as well as our own, was excited by Edward's conduct during the battle. He was the

only surgeon on the ground; and all the wounded were carried to him. The place where he was established was often under a tremendous fire; and yet he went on with his work as coolly as if he had been in a hospital.

P. J. R.

Nov. 11, 1861.

The authorities here desire to notify our government of their intention to hold as hostages a certain number of prisoners equal to the number of prisoners on trial in New York, and, in case of their conviction and execution, to treat those prisoners in an exactly similar manner. Those selected as hostages are the officers of highest rank; and my name is on the list, together with the names of all field-officers captured, and three captains to make up the number. We continue well, and as cheerful as may be under the circumstances. I have brought my mind to a full realization of our condition in all its aspects, and trust for that support on which alone we can with safety rely. I try not to dwell on the anxiety which I know you must have felt, and which is my greatest trouble; and hope to hear that you have been able to resign yourself to trust in the providential disposition of our lives, whatever that disposition may be, and to remember that all separations must have an end. You know with what feelings I undertook my military life; and I can

assure you that my experience thus far has been to confirm the opinion that I was merely fulfilling a duty.

P. J. R.

RICHMOND, Nov. 11, 1861.

DEAR LAURA,—You will see that we still remain in the same place. I have written several times, but have not as yet heard from you since the battle. Yesterday afternoon we received a visit from Gen. Winder, who informed us, that, his government having received information of the conviction of one of the privateersmen in New York, they had concluded to select by lot one of the United-States field-officers to undergo the same punishment which should be awarded to the privateersman. Col. Corcoran was the one drawn; and he is to be confined as a condemned felon, and executed if the man Smith is. After this was done, he said the government had also concluded to take an equal number of our officers of the highest rank, and confine them in the same manner that they confine persons accused of the most heinous offences, until the fate of the privateersmen is decided; when they would suffer the same. Paul and Col. Lee are amongst the number, also Capt. Ricketts, Capt. Rockwell of the Massachusetts Fifteenth, Col. Cogswell of the Tammany Regiment, who is a captain in Charles's regiment, and was taken with

us. We are all in good bodily health; but, of course, my anxiety is very great as to what *may happen.* Love to all.

Ever your affectionate husband,

E. H. H. Revere.

Richmond, Nov. 20, 1861.

Dear John,—Paul and the other officers left us last Thursday for the jail, to await the trial of the privateersmen. There were seven in all from here, the rest of the fourteen being either in South Carolina or at New Orleans. They are confined in one small cell with but two small windows. I hear from them every day, but am not allowed to see them. You can imagine our anxiety to hear what action the government will take when they hear of their imprisonment; for there is not the slightest doubt in my mind, that whatever is done to the privateersmen will be meted out to our unfortunate comrades.

Col. Randolph and wife have called on me, and have very kindly procured all of our party some underclothes; we none of us having had a change since the time of our capture. I sent Paul's and the colonel's to the jail last night. You cannot realize what a gratification it is to feel that you have on an entire clean suit unless you have had our experience.

I got up this morning before light, took a cold

bath, and then dressed up. There are over seventy of us confined on the lower floor of a tobacco-house; and, when we turn in for the night, it is almost impossible to pick your way about. It is quite cool here, there having been heavy frosts for the last few nights. To-morrow is Thanksgiving; and we all—I mean the Massachusetts men—fully realize how many heavy hearts there will be among you on that day. Every one of the officers in the jail are married men, and most, if not all, with families. We have taken into our mess a young man from Philadelphia, Capt. John Markoe. He is a very nice fellow, and had arranged to join our party before Paul and the colonel left us.

Part of the officers are going South in the course of a day or two; but we have applied to remain until the last here, so as to be near our friends; and the request has been granted.

We see the papers every day; but little can be learned from them, as accounts of every thing are as unreliable, to say the least, as at home. With love to all.

E. H. R. R.

C. S. Prison, Richmond, Va., Nov. 23.

I little expected, when I last saw you, to address you from the interior of a tobacco-house in this delightful city, where I am confined as prisoner of war. We are on the ground-floor in a room

about a hundred feet long by fifty wide, through the centre of which run the tobacco presses. Until yesterday there have been from seventy to seventy-five persons, who have eat, drunk, slept, washed, and gone through all the operations of nature here. Yesterday, twenty were sent farther south, —I think to Alabama. Paul, Col. Lee, and five other officers of the highest rank, were removed to the jail a week ago Thursday, to await the conclusion of the trial of the privateersmen, and to suffer the same punishment which is decreed to them. They are kept in strict confinement in a small cell hardly large enough for them to lie down comfortably in, and are allowed to see no one except the officers who have them in charge. The light which they get comes through two small windows, through which they have the cheering view of a brick wall. I hear form them almost every day; and they keep their health, although it seems hardly possible that they could through the winter, if the trials are put off, as we hear they are, until next April.

Our principal occupations here are eating, drinking and sleeping. We have very few books, and those not of the most instructive kind. I play whist almost every evening, and expect, by the time I am released, to be quite a crack player; although I never could bear to sit through more than three games before. We have plenty of good

meat and bread to eat, and a straw bed to sleep on, with a comforter to cover us, provided by the Confederate government; but every thing else has to be bought. We did not succeed in getting any change of underclothes until this week. I do not mean to say that we wore the same clothes without having them washed; but, when they were washed, we had to go without until they were dry.

E. H. R. R.

Nov. 23, 1861.

You cannot imagine what a relief it is to me to know that you have heard of our safety. Paul, the colonel, and five other officers, were removed to the jail a week ago Thursday. It was, of course, sad enough for us to have them go: but they were very cheerful; and the last words Paul said to me were, "Remember, whatever may happen, it is all right." Yesterday a large party of prisoners left for the South; and twenty of the officers who were confined here went with them. One would hardly believe how hard it was to part with them: it seemed really like breaking up a family. It makes it much more comfortable for those who remain, as we were very crowded. I have given up my four-post bedstead, in which I have slept since the first week, and appropriated a more comfortable one nearer the door, where there is better air. I do not recollect whether I have

described my four-poster. It was our dining-table turned upside down, and a straw bed on it. The table was raised up on top of the stools; and the legs made a very nice place to hang my clothes on.

Thursday being Thanksgiving Day, we, with the Massachusetts Fifteenth, indulged in a little extra dinner. We had a gallon and a half of oysters, a piece of roast beef, two kinds of pudding (rice and bread), and half a bushel of ginger-cakes of different sizes and kinds. It was rather a melancholy day to me; and I felt more than ever the separation from the dear ones at home, and could not help thinking of the many sad hearts there must be among those who had always before looked forward to the day with so much pleasure. I have read through all the books I could lay my hands on; and now the only amusements are walking up and down, smoking, eating and sleeping, besides a game of whist or euchre in the evening. I am not yet reduced to playing cards in the daytime, although there are a great many who do. Paul had a letter from a gentleman in Baltimore, giving us credit with bankers here; so that our minds are relieved about distress for want of money. We are now living as a joint-stock company, having put what money we had together, and spending as little as possible.

E H. R. R.

Nov. 27.

Dear John,—I wish you would send me a suit of citizens clothes (cheap and thick), two suits of underclothes, a brier-wood pipe, a pair of boots, and my overcoat, which was left at home by mistake. Peirson has written to his brother for the same things. These letters go by two naval officers who have been released. One of them is William A. Abbott of Andover, whom you will probably see, as he intends returning home, being rather used up by four months' imprisonment. He has been confined with us here.

E. H. R. R.

Nov. 27, 1861.

We are, as you will have heard, in close confinement as hostages for the crew of "The Savannah" at New York. As to the result of our imprisonment, you will have better opportunities to judge than I, under the circumstances. We hope confidently for the best. I am not, and, you will believe me, do not mean to allow myself to be discouraged. There is nothing to make me anxious as to my own health although the experience is anything but pleasant. Edward received John's letter, which he was able to send to me, and which was a great satisfaction. We had a note from C. L. P. today: they are all well, and in good spirits. You need have no fears of my

becoming discouraged; for I long since brought my mind to consider the situation cheerfully in any event. I received Josie's and Jennie's letters, and send them all the love they can wish, as I do to all, though necessarily in few words. The photographs are the source of the greatest enjoyment to me. Write to me, as fully as seems expedient, of our prospects. Have no fears for my health; for there is no occasion for it, I assure you. Take good care of my boy and yourself, and trust with me, that, under Providence, all will go well. Try to realize all that I *would* say, if I could. I do not think I ever mentioned, that, in the battle, I received a slight scratch. It amounted to nothing, as you may know from our march the next day. A ball grazed my leg: it is long since well.

P. J. R.

Nov. 27.

I heard that Paul and the colonel were well today, and that is as much as we have known of them for the last few days; all communication with them being strictly prohibited. I drew a hundred dollars a few days ago, as I thought it was better to keep the few dollars of gold that I had, in case of any sudden change in our position; and the bankers sent us a letter from their Baltimore correspondent, requesting them to let us

know that there was no danger of the privateersmen being hung, at any rate, at present. We are all well, and I really feel in much better spirits than I have since our friends departed.

E. H. R. R.

DEC. 8, 1861.

I have received my underclothes and Peirson a box of clothes for the men, from Mrs. Lee, which he distributed yesterday. They were very grateful, as the poor fellows were very much in need of them. He said they were very much delighted to see him, and inquired after me. He had an opportunity of seeing those in the hospitals; and all are doing well, with the exception of one or two who are consumptive. It is quieter this afternoon than it has been at any time since we have been in prison, as almost every one is writing. We have been notified that a flag of truce goes tomorrow. You cannot imagine what a relief it is; for there is generally such a talking going on, that it is almost imposssible to think, or hear yourself speak The men must have suffered a good deal with the cold the last week. Those who are confined over us were walking up and down almost all night. I understand from the commissary, that they are to be furnished with comforters as soon as they can be made; but it seems as if our government might

furnish them with blankets or overcoats. I have felt in much better spirits since I have had John's letters, and am in great hopes that something may happen to relieve our friends, or make them more comfortable, before long.

E. H. R. R.

DEC. 15, 1861.

We have been having quite an excitement the last few days, as there have been rumors of a general exchange of prisoners; and this afternoon we heard that there were to be seventeen officers exchanged immediately. Of course, we do not expect to be of the number, as there are so many who have been here for so much greater length of time; but yet it is very pleasant to think that some of our number are going to be released, and that our time will be coming, if we are only patient. The Adjutant received the clothes from the State, and has commenced delivering them, and also a notice from Baltimore, that a thousand dollars are placed at his disposal for the men. Markoe received some books from one of his friends: so we have had some reading the last few days. Peirson, also, had one of two from home, among them "The Pickwick Papers," which, you know, is always my great resource.

E. H. R. R.

DEC. 19, 1861.

We have had quite an exciting week of it, there having been a continual rumor of exchange; and our chaplain, Mr. Mines, has been exchanged for a Dr. North, who was confined at Fort Warren. He discovered that Dr. North was there, and made application to the government for an exchange. Perhaps you can discover an assistant surgeon there. One of our number, Quartermaster Hart of Indiana, has written quite a funny song on the release of the prisoners; and all the singers amongst us have been making the house ring with it. Several Confederate officers have been in to hear it; and last night we had a visit from a glee-club of the prisoners, privates in the California regiment, who sang very well. We hear that a hundred and fifty of the prisoners are going South this week; but I hope none of us.

I went into the office last evening to see a gentleman, with Lieut. Hooper and Peirson, and had quite a pleasant hour smoking and talking. One person, a judge somebody, took Hooper one side (not knowing that he was a prisoner), and told him he really thought those Yankees were quite gentlemanly fellows. When Hooper informed him that he was one of the prisoners, he was quite taken down, and had not much more to say.

E. H. R. R.

Dec. 20.

We continue in the same position as since we left Edward. We are all well and in good heart; though you can readily understand the monotony of the imprisonment. As to its duration, we have no means of judging, but from what we hear from home, as it depends entirely on the movements there. I knew that Parker would be actively interested. It is from the personal efforts of such men that we have most to hope.

I was interrupted here by a visit from Mr. Faulkner. It was very pleasant to meet one who had so lately seen you; and his visit was the more satisfactory from being the first that we have been allowed to receive. He was extremely courteous, and profuse in offers to do any thing in his power.

P. J. R.

Dec. 20.

I am very well: have no fears for my health. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to hear that father continues so well; for I know how fully he comprehends, in all its aspects, the present condition of affairs. Give my love to him, and tell him that I have never regretted my decision less than I do now. It has given us all the greatest satisfaction to hear of the kind treatment received by the prisoners held by our government; and we sincerely hope that it may continue with-

out regard to our condition. Let us remember that we are before the eyes of the civilized world, whose personal feelings are not enlisted, and who will therefore be influenced solely by the *acts* of the parties engaged. I desire that no friend of mine will neglect an opportunity of serving prisoners in every possible way. But they must not hope, in so doing, to affect our condition; for it will produce no effect whatever: that depends on official acts.

P. J. R.

DEC. 24.

We had a note from our friends in the tobacco warehouse, saying that they were to be allowed to send communications to us. It will be a great pleasure to us, as we have heard from them directly but seldom.

Our days are all the same. We go to bed early,—I, as you will have guessed, the last—never later than ten o'clock; and rise from eight to nine (myself not the first). When breakfast arrives, this and a pipe occupy the time for an hour or more, when we walk in the area for half an hour, during which the room is swept (all taking turns at it). Colonel Lee and I then read prayers, after which, until three o'clock (when dinner comes), we occupy the time as best we can. Between four and five, another half hour in the yard, and dark-

ness; from which time until bed we read aloud, or play cards.

We are a very good-tempered party, fortunately, and rub against each other without much friction.

P. J. R.

JAN. 10, 1862.

I wrote to you January 3, the day on which I received my Christmas box—or, rather, heard of it. I never looked in my stocking with greater delight than I had in opening it. Every thing was in it according to the list, and every thing I wanted. I recognized all the presents,—particularly John's, in the pataloons pocket,—and thank you all very much. I wear Jennie's cap so much, that I fear I shall become bald. I am very well, as when I last wrote, as are all the party. We remain in the same position as heretofore. I think that I receive most of the letters which are written: so, of course, the more the better. And, the oftener that I hear that you are all well, the easier my position. I have sent John's letter to Edward. I hear of him often, though we have few chances to correspond. He is well. I have as little as ever to write about; for the little varieties that occur, even in our small world, are usually not to be mentioned to "ears polite," and are oftenest due to some member of the "fust colored circles" unhappily incarcerated.

As I have before written, the days slip by rapidly.

I don't think that I told you, that, on Christmas Day, we had roast turkey and (think of it!) oysters, the *gift* of our kind and indulgent jailer. A lady, Miss Van Lew, has been allowed to send us some books, which were very acceptable, as our stock was quite limted. SATURDAY, 11.—All well this morning. Captain Gibbs has come for letters. Love to all.

P. J. R.

JAN. 26, 1862.

We have just been cheered by a visit from C. L. P., with the news of his exchange. He hopes to get off to-morrow. He will write to you at home of us all. We remain in the same position as heretofore. Edward was allowed to visit us several times last week. He is very well and cheerful. I manage to get exercise enough for health; and, as we have clothes in abundance, I have no fears for the future. A lady of this place has sent us, on several occasions, various nice things, the previous absence of which, however, was our least discomfort. I assure you we get on much better than you at home suppose; for, with health and good temper, quarters as close as ours may be quite endurable.

I write in hopes of sending this by Mr. Ely,

who is exchanged for Mr. Faulkner. Believe me, that, should I be released from this disagreeable position, the experience of the past few months will have done much to soften certain defects which my heretofore easy life has cultivated, and thus prove not a misfortune, but a benefit; and, whatever the result, you may be sure that I estimate the affairs of this life much more at their true value (which I conceive to be one of the great objects of existence) than ever before. From this text you must write the rest of my letter.

P. J. R.

JAN. 10, 1862.

Since my last letter, Dr. Fletcher and myself have had our attention occupiel with the sick and wounded most of the time. You can hardly realize how much the enjoyment has been of the little liberty which we have; the whole extent of our walk being, not more than from your mother's house round by the Ward's gate on Washington Street, back by their road on to Pleasant Street. Our written parole is for the whole city of Richmond; but we gave a verbal one not to go out of certain limits, which is as agreeable to ourselves as to the authorities, as we only took it at the request of the acting surgeon of the post, to assist him in the performance of his duties. No one could believe that there could be such a change in

the appearance of patients as there was in the sick here from merely knowing that we were Yankee doctors. The patients sick with typhoid fever showed it more than any others, although there was no material change in the treatment. It seemed to brighten them up; and a few words of encouragement did them more good than any medicine. I think that the whole disease took a been only one death out of a hundred and ninety-six patients in the last ten days, and that was a man wounded at Manassas. The last few days we have been very busy in getting ready the wounded, nursing them up in every way, so as to get them home. There are several who cannot live here but a week or two; but we feel as if the idea of getting under the old flag will revive them sufficiently, at any rate, to see their wives if they go to meet them.

E. H. R. R.

JAN. 15, 1862.

I have just come from the boat where a hundred and forty-eight of the prisoners are about to leave to-morrow. I went to the jail yesterday, and spent four or five hours with our friends. Paul and the rest are well, but look rather pale from their close confinement. They are in good spirits.

E. H. R. R.

JAN. 27, 1862.

I have received the cod-liver oil, &c., from the State, which I shall forward to Salisbury, N. C.; the majority of our men being there, and the hospitals here having been supplied by the United-States Sanitary Commission. Peirson received the news of his being exchanged yesterday; and he starts for Washington to-morrow, where he expects to be detained some time, as he is determined to do something for the relief of Paul and the colonel, if it is a possible thing. I cannot help feeling that the testimony of an eye-witness of their miserable condition will have some effect on the government. He will remain there until he finds out whether they will do any thing or not.

Dr. Fletcher and myself were returned to the prison last Monday; there being no further use for our services there now, having two Confederate surgeons here, and only about fifty patients. The week before we came in, we moved a hundred and fifty of the sick and wounded down to the boat, and saw them start safely on their way: we also moved the sick that were left into another hospital, organized it, and got it started in good shape. I have not seen Paul since last Sunday, but have a permit to visit them to-morrow. Peirson was there to-day to bid them good-bye, and reports them all well.

E. H. R. R.

JAN. 27.

Dr. Fletcher and I had a run out for about three weeks, visiting the hospitals, but were ignominiously returned to prison after having shipped off home a hundred and fifty of the sick and wounded, and removed fifty more across the street, selected the stewards and nurses, and got the hospital in good running-order. The reason given was, that the commander of the post would not have two surgeons under pay, loafing about doing nothing; whilst we were doing all the work. I was not very sorry to get back again into the old quarters, excepting for the sake of the men, who enjoyed having their own surgeons.

E. H. R. R.

To quote now from Mrs. Revere's journal:

"Colonel Lee and Paul were among those hostages. They were waited on in the tobacco-house one Sunday afternoon early in November, and told that the trial was proceeding in New York, on which their lives depended. If the privateers were condemned and hung, their fate would be the same. General Winder, the officer sent to make known their cruel and critical position, informed them that they

should have time to write to their friends, and then they were to be removed to the county jail on prison fare. There were seven officers chosen by lot to go together to this wretched place. The letters they wrote were calm, but expressive of their sense of the perilous situation they were in. Colonel Lee asked General Winder, whom he had known at West Point, if his quarters would be more uncomfortable than those at the tobacco-house, where seventy-five men lived in one room. The answer was, that he would have his apartment prepared, and a servant to wait on him. No words but those of common courtesy — and dignified, as became the occasion — passed between these old acquaintances. The Colonel asked no favors for himself or the others; but he was deluded by the ready promises given him of proper treatment, and went, on the 10th of November, to Henrico-county jail, hoping that quiet and privacy would compensate for space. They heard the key turned upon them, and were left — without seats, or a single comfort — stand-

ing on a floor just washed from hens' and various filth. Some hours later the jailor appeared; and Colonel Lee asked for the apartment General Winder had promised him. He answered, this was all the room they were to have. 'Fourteen slaves had been very comfortable there last summer.' They saw at once what they were to expect. They did not leave that room, for any purpose, for several days. The atmosphere became intolerable, aggravated by the smoke of pine-knots burned in the room under theirs. They were denied the use of their own money for the procuring of any comfort; and no washing of clothes was allowed them. Indeed, they had no change of garments, and were compelled to endure the visitation of every form of vermin; among others, of rats running over them as soon as the lights were put out at night. Fortunately Captain K——, one of their company, was so much afraid of rats that he was glad to keep awake, and beat them off. Before long the three unfortunate prisoners under them were removed, and

eighteen miserable free negro women and children were brought from the country, and confined in this small cell, increasing the dreadful state of the air, and adding to the noise, and sense of misery.

"Colonel Lee, Paul, and the others, were in this prison, with little light or air (the opposite room filled with poor, low criminals), from the 10th of November till the 5th of February.

"During these weary months, Paul maintained a spirit of cheerfulness, doing what he could to amuse and sustain his fellow-prisoners. Sometimes he would read to them, and sometimes tell stories. They had one volume of Shakspeare, which served them a good turn; and with the aid of Captain Bowman, another young man, the entertainments were varied with caricatures and songs, and all the fun they could make. And thus they kept up the noise and excitement to prevent depression, and while away the time.

"They had one visit from General Winder in this place. He had been a fellow-student of Colonel Lee's, at West

Point, and knew that they were gentlemen. He entered, and said, 'I have called to see if you were comfortable, gentlemen.' After a moment's hesitation, Colonel Lee answered, 'We accept this treatment at the hands of your government;' and Winder retired, and refused, afterwards, to give a clergyman, who was a friend of Colonel Lee's, the right to visit them,— a privilege not often refused to prisoners.

"Every morning Colonel Lee or Paul read a religious service from the Prayer Book; showing that they lived by faith in God's power and love. After the first few days they were allowed to exercise half an hour, twice a day, in the gloomy yard that surrounded the jail. Paul enjoyed carrying sugar, or some little luxury, to the poor negro children pent up in the dirty cell under them. It was all he could do; but this was a comfort, taking him out of his own wretchedness for a moment. Stifled and crowded; with a little stove for cooking, that heated up the odors and the damps; small light by day, and utter darkness by night,— there

they were, seven wasted men, for thirteen weeks, their lives hanging on a thread; not knowing any day, but, before its close they might be led out to death upon the gallows, yet dispelling their fears by Christian trust, and ministering to each other of true good cheer, and thus rising above their grievous load. It was a scene of unfailing courage and faith. Its heaviness was lightened by the principles which were then tested and proved. How heavy that condition was may be imagined a little, when it is remembered that Dr. Revere, being allowed to go to the grating of the cell, one day, to speak with his brother, could hardly see through the dim aperture, or breathe the foul air. How they had survived, he said, he could not tell; how they had escaped sickness, or broken minds or powers. And for himself, the suspense he had endured, anticipating that each day might bring the news of his brother's sentence, with the shock produced by the sight of the reality of his misery, left its stamp upon his face while he lived. A near friend exclaimed,

'Edward's face has the look of one who has seen a terrible sight, never to be forgotten.'"

The following account of their prison life is from the pen of a fellow-prisoner:

"On Sunday, November 10, 1861, Gen. John H. Winder, commanding the Department of Richmond, accompanied by his staff, was observed to alight at the prison office. It being an unusual occurrence for his visits to be attended with such ceremony, much surmise arose as to its cause. A few moments elapsed, and he entered the building, attended by the staff in full dress uniform. Directing one of them to clear the room of all persons excepting the Federal officers, he took a position in the center of the floor, and announced that he had a most unpleasant duty to perform. He then read the following order from the Confederate War Department:

C. S. War Department,
Richmond, Nov. 8, 1861.

Sir,—You are hereby instructed to choose by lot, from among the prisoners-of-war of the high-

est rank, one, who is to be confined in a cell appropriated to convicted felons; and who is to be treated in all respects as if such convict; and to be held for execution in the same manner as may be adopted by the enemy for the execution of the prisoner-of-war, Smith, recenlty condemned to death in Philadelphia. You will also select thirteen other prisoners-of-war, the highest in rank of those captured by our forces, to be confined in the cells reserved for prisoners accused of infamous crimes; and will treat them as such so long as the enemy shall continue so to treat the like number of prisoners-ofwar- captured by them at sea, and now for trial in New York as pirates. As these measures are intended to repress the infamous attempt now made by the enemy to commit judicial murder on prisoners-of-war, you will execute them strictly, as the mode best calculated to prevent the commission of so heinous a crime.

Your obedient servant,
J. P. BENJAMIN,
Acting Secretary of War.

To Brig.-Gen. John H. Winder,
Richmond, Va.

"Announcing that it was necessary to draw by lot the name of one of the five Federal colonels, prisoners-of-war, to be held as a hostage for Smith, General Winder caused the names of the officers to be

written on separate slips of paper, which were placed in a tin case, from which Hon. Mr. Ely was requested to draw one of the names. It was Col. Michael Corcoran, Sixty-ninth New-York State Militia.

"General Winder then stated, that, as only ten Federal field-officers were held as prisoners-of-war, three captains would be chosen by lot to complete the required quota of hostages. Captains Rockwood, Ricketts, and McQuaid were chosen. With imperfect information, and indistinct hearing of the order as read, we looked on in silence during the ceremony. But as the names of Colonels Lee and Cogswell were called, under whose command we had stood upon the battle-field, and for whom respect, admiration, and esteem were blended in our hearts, sadness, sorrow, and sympathy were displayed in the features of every member of that little crowd. Yet when we saw the cheerful countenance of Colonel Lee, and the quiet equanimity of Colonel Cogswell undisturbed, the shadow of portending evil seemed to disappear.

"When General Winder and his aides left the room, we gathered in groups, eagerly discussing the principles of the policy, its bearing, causes, and effects; and, ere the day closed, we looked upon the subject with increasing cheerfulness and confidence, fully believing that our government would not allow those veteran officers to be long confined in a felon's cell, or to suffer a felon's doom.

"On the 12th of November, General Winder again visited us, and held another drawing, to choose two officers in lieu of Captains Ricketts and McQuaid, who were wounded at Manassas, and who, at the time of drawing, were confined by their wounds to the hospital. Captains Bowman and Keffer were chosen, making the list of hostages as follows; viz:

Col. Michael Corcoran, 69th Regt, N. Y. State Militia.
Col. M. Cogswell, 42d Regt. N. Y. Volunteers.
Col. W. Raymond Lee, 20th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
Col. W. E. Woodruff, 2d Regt. Ky. Volunteers.
Col. A. M. Wood, 14th Regt. N. Y. State Militia
Col. Orlando B. Wilcox, 1st Regt. Mich. Volunteers.
Lieut.-Col. G. W. Neff, 2d Regt. Ky. Volunteers.
Lieut.-Col. Samuel Bowman, 8th Regt. Penn. Volunteers.

Maj. James D. Porter, 38th Regt. N. Y. Volunteers.
Maj. Paul. J. Revere, 20th Regt. Mass. Vols.
Maj. Israel Vodges, U. S. Artillery.
Capt. Henry Bowman, 15th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
Capt. George W. Rockwood, 15th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
Capt. Francis J. Keffer, Colonel Baker's Cal. Regiment.

"The hostages, one and all, bore themselves with manly pride and hardy patriotism, willing to suffer whenever and wherever the interests of their government required the sacrifice.

"On the 14th of November we were called upon to bid them farewell. As they passed from the room, we grasped each hand in silence; for though the heart was steeled, and the purpose steady, we could not, without emotions of heartfelt sympathy, see gray hairs, honored at home, and young spirits flashing but a month ago in the eager strife of war, go to a prison cell.

"The cell in Henrico-county jail, in which (seven in number) they are confined, is seventeen feet long by eleven feet wide. It has two windows, each twenty-four inches square, protected by transverse iron bars, opening upon a high

wall, enclosing the prison's narrow yard, affording them only six hours of daylight in which to read or write; and, to do either at any hour of the day, it is necessary for them to cluster closely round the window. Previous to leaving the warehouse, they purchased camp cots of the smallest size, which, when spread out at night, entirely occupy the cell in the prison, leaving no space to move around.

"In the morning they are allowed to remove the cots to the corridor; and the rough pine benches which they occupy during the day, and which are removed at night, clutter up the room to such an extent, that the usual prison privilege of pacing the floor is denied them. They are allowed twenty minutes each, in the morning and afternoon, to exercise in the prison yard, four feet wide, extending around the building, which is of square form and massive structure. They are furnished the usual jail-rations, consisting of bacon and corn-bread, and are not permitted to supply their table with food at their own expense. Yet, finding their

jailer not insensible to bribes, they have purchased from him the privilege of buying food, which he has cooked, and serves to them at a stipulated price per day. This jailer is a coarse, ruffianly drunken sot, who reads their letters, and proclaims their domestic affairs throughout the brothels of Richmond. On one occasion, delivering a letter he remarked, 'Colonel, your wife writes in fine spirits; keep yours up.'

"Below the room occupied by the hostages are two cells, constantly filled by drunken negroes, white felons, criminal women of every color and caste, mingled together in filth, stench, and vermin. In one cell, the same size as that of the hostages, four negro women and fourteen children are confined. Their husbands and parents being within the Federal lines, they were removed to Richmond. The stench from these cells rises to that of the hostages, making the atmosphere nauseating and stifling, both day and night. The jail-yard is used for whipping the negroes of Richmond; and the whip-

ping-post is under the window of their cell, where they hear the agonized yells of the poor negroes. The building is filled with body vermin; and at night it is sometimes impossible to sleep, owing to the rats scampering over their beds. Other privations too disgusting for these pages are endured by them, making the heart sick at the contemplation of their brutal treatment.

"As information was received by us of the sufferings and privations of the hostages, it elicited from all the deepest sympathy, which did not expend itself in useless repinings. Seven warm hearts nobly responded to the promptings of sympathy. An earnest and affecting petition to the Confederate War Department was drawn up, soliciting the substitution of the names subscribed in lieu of those already confined as hostages. It represented the increasing ill health of those officers; alluded to their age, and to their superiority in rank to privateers; contrasted their condition and treatment with that of the latter; and concluded

with a warm appeal, based upon humanity, for the privilege of being held as substitutes for the hostages. The names of the young officers who so freely proffered themselves as substitutes are as follows:

Capt. John Markoe, Colonel Baker's Cal. Regiment,
Adjt. Charles L. Peirson, Mass. 20th Volunteers.
Lieut. William E. Merrill, U. S. Engineers.
Lieut. George B. Perry, 20th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
Lieut. J. Harris Hooper, 15th Regt. Mass. Volunteers.
Lieut. J. E. Greene, 15th Regt. Msss. Volunteers.
Lieut. Charles M. Hooper, Colonel Baker's Cal. Regiment.

"In a few days a verbal and monosyllabic reply came, 'No.'

"When Mr. Faulkner returned from the North, in December, he visited them, and obtained permission from the officer commanding the prison to visit the jail weekly. For nearly two months, they were not allowed to communicate in person with their subordinate officers. Finally, owing to authentic information from the North, affirming the comparative comfort of the privateers, permission was granted Adjutant Peirson of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, Mr. Ely,

and Dr. E. H. R. Revere, Massachusetts Twentieth Regiment, to visit them from time to time.

"On the 4th of February, we were astounded by the pleasing intelligence that the hostages would be restored to the warehouse. On the morning of the 5th, we were startled by three loud cheers, given with a will by the privates in an adjacent warehouse. We rushed to the windows, and saw the hostages approaching the prison. In a few minutes they entered. Can we ever forget the scene? Its hearty gladness would have repaid, almost, for a lifetime of suffering. The pale features of the hostages seemed to light up with pride and gratitude at the greeting of affection and sympathy. And as the little band clustered around them, and listened to their narration of daily suffering and privations, the scene presented a picture honorable to the manhood and creditable to the heart of every officer present. As yet they were not assured of their permanent release as hostages, having been informed by the authorities that

their removal from jail was merely temporary, and arose from the necessity of cleansing and fumigating the prison cells. Subsequent information through the Richmond papers of the release of the privateers in the North confirmed us in the belief that we should have them with us until sent, rejoicing 'homeward bound.'

"On February 5th the hostages were returned to the warehouse, their old prison, in order that the felon cell in the county prison might be cleaned; but they never returned to occupy it. In a few days the Richmond papers reproduced from those of New York the intelligence that the rebel privateersmen (the greater part of them, by the way, were New-York wharf-thieves) had been released from confinement as pirates, and turned over to the navy department as prisoners-of-war. On Thursday, February 20th, it was officially announced that all the prisoners-of-war would be forwarded to Fortress Monroe on the following Saturday; and, late in the evening of that day (Thursday), General Randolph personally

and kindly called at the prison to inform Revere that he and his associate hostages would go home with the other prisoners. Accordingly on Saturday all military prisoners in Richmond were embarked on a steamer, and at seven o'clock P. M., were steaming down the James River; and the next morning they once more came under the Union flag."

RICHMOND, Feb. 18, 1862.

I have not written of our transfer from the jail to the warehouse for the reason that we have expected every hour, for the last ten days, that the officers to be exchanged would receive their orders to go. We were transferred from the jail on Wednesday, Feb. 5, for a few days, as we were informed, to allow an opportunity for the fumigation of that institution. We still remain as hostages, though in the warehouse: this is official information from the officer in charge of prisoners. We suppose the intention of the Confederate States government to be, to obtain a practical proof of the good faith of our government in regard to the privateers, by obtaining some of them in exchange. One reason for this belief is, that, after the list of privates was sent to be examined, the names of all sailors were struck off; they only

to be exchanged for Confederate sailors. As you may suppose, the move from jail was most satisfactory. I was much disappointed at Edward's name not being on the list, as several surgeons have lately been paroled by our government; but nothing is more certain than, that no exchange, either for him or any of us, except man for man, will be effected; and we, here, know from experience that exchanges are brought about by personal application backed by influence.

P. J. R.

SUNDAY, Feb. 24, 1862.

I write to you from on board the steamboat bound to Baltimore. I telegraph tomorrow morning. All the prisoners in Richmond were released on parole yesterday, and arrived at Fort Monroe this afternoon. We are well, and, as you may suppose, in good spirits. I received your note at Fort Monroe, and cannot tell you the relief of knowing that all had gone well with Lu. I know how great a pleasure it is to her to have a daughter, and I share it fully. If all continues well, I shall probably be at home the last of the week. We must go to Washington at once; and, as we are not yet exchanged, I cannot judge how long a time may be occupied in bringing about an exchange. We can hardly realize our present position; the change in the tone of the Confederate

authorities on the capture of so many prisoners by our forces having been so sudden. As I wrote you, they begun to soften on Tuesday last: they, however, continued their personal indignity to the last, never having released us from the position of hostages formally. However, it does not matter now, and they never for a moment, with all their outrages, made one of us forget our position as gentlemen.

P. J. R.

Gladly did they leave their forlorn quarters in Richmond, turning their faces homeward.

It was so arranged, that they passed the forts below the city, along the river, at night, to conceal the preparations for defence. A sudden panic of the rebel government led to their release,— a panic quickly allayed; since, as was afterwards known, orders were issued for their detention before they had left the city limits. But it was too late. They were safely embarked, and the morning found them at the fortress; while, as it proved, others less fortunate in getting away at once were detained for months.

On their arrival at this point, Paul heard of the birth of a daughter,—a great relief to his anxieties for those at home. He, with his brother, arrived in Boston on the evening of the 28th of February, 1862. They were worn and old-looking, with the strange expression those carry who have been in confinement, or under a great pressure of care, but full of happiness at their restoration, and greatly blessed in finding their father had borne their trial with the firmest spirit, sustained as he had been, not a little, by a grateful sense of their own fortitude and faith. The kindness of friends, and the sympathy of the public, were pleasant additions to this little interval of rest among those they loved. Little by little their strength was renewed; and something of the tone and manner of former days returned. But youth had gone out of them wonderfully; and the long excitement of feeling, and irritation of nerves, was followed by a re-action, showing itself in silence and listlessness, and dull lines about the face that were sad to see.

Two months of quiet at home, and of constant attentions abroad, however, were soon over; and then their exchange, for which they grew impatient, was effected. The general policy of the Union government, at that time, did not seemingly encourage exchanges; they could only be obtained by energetic personal effort. Accordingly, accompanied by a brother officer (also a paroled prisoner), Major Revere proceeded to Fort Warren, and selected three Confederate officers of proper rank to exchange for Colonel Lee, Major and Dr. Revere. Colonel Lee's application to Secretary Stanton, that the selected officers might be released from Fort Warren, and permitted to proceed to Richmond, under a pledge of honor to return, and report in person to Colonel Dimick, at Fort Warren, within fifteen days, or send to General Wool, at Fortress Monroe, an order from the Richmond government, confirming the conditional exchange, was granted by Mr. Stanton. The pledge of Colonel Baldwin of Virginia, and his associates, was honorably

redeemed. The official exchanges of the Union officers were duly transmitted to General Wool; and on May 2d, 1862, the three officers of the Twentieth reported for duty with their regiment, then in the lines before Yorktown. It was a season of great and new interest. The first reverses we had met with were being followed, as the spring opened, by occasional success. The gloom under which the country had groaned was passing away; and every one who had a place on the field unfilled was solicitous not to be left behind. "I remember," says a friend, "after our forces had landed in North Carolina, and the battle of Newbern had spread joy and hope at the North, hearing Paul read the account of it in the newspaper. His face lighted up, and he exclaimed, 'Oh, I am so glad that the rebs have learned that they must run before us at last! I wish that I had been there to see their backs!' "

The army under McClellan had moved down to the peninsula. "Our boys," as we called them, were anxious to be in the

midst of those stirring scenes. Their orders came — none too early for them — to report at the headquarters of their old command, in the Army of the Potomac. They hastened back, full of zeal, to share in the conflict and the glory, quickened by the reports of the advance upon Yorktown, and hoping to be present at the fall of Richmond, where they had suffered so much.

The day of their departure was the last day of April. It was their father's birthday, at the completion of his eighty-fifth year. They dined with him, and rose to leave; when he blessed them, and gave them strong, encouraging words. One who was present thus describes the scene: "It being Mr. Revere's birthday, all his children had dined with him. A feeling of sadness, in view of Paul's and Edward's departure for the field that afternoon, hung over all; yet every one was quiet, and tried to be cheerful. At the end of dinner, as there was a little pause before rising, Mr. Revere, who had been silent till then, turned to his sons, and said,

'This day I am eighty-five years old. It is a great age, and it is extraordinary that I have reached it. I remember the surrender of Cornwallis. I heard, one night, the watchman cry out in the street (he was a German sort of fellow, a Dutchman), "Half-past three o'clock of a cloudy morning, and Cornwallis taken!" There are few now living who can remember this. You are going to the scene of that surrender at Yorktown. You will do your duty; and you will return (though I can hardly except to see you) all that I could wish. God bless you both! Pass the wine to Edward and Paul. Now drink with me, my sons.' And having bowed to each of them, and raised his glass in his old, courtly way, he added, 'Pass the wine to others. This was merely a matter between the boys and me. I have done all that I shall do to-day.' The room was as still as death, and the whole thing unspeakably affecting. I can see Paul's dignified air, and pale, calm face; and Edward, leaning forward, intently hanging upon every word his father said.

They went to do their duty. And they returned all that he could wish,— not for this world, but for the other."

They reached Yorktown in time to aid in planting the colors of the Twentieth Regiment on the heights, when the rebels evacuated that place. They took an active part in all the battles of that campaign, and bore their full share of its memorable trials, suffering the great disappointment of a retreat, after having been within sound of the bells of Richmond, into which city, considering all they had lately endured there, they so ardently desired to enter victorious. References to their gallantry in those fights of the seven-days' march to the new base on the James River will be found in the notices from different pens, which appeared after their death.

Camp opposite Yorktown, May 5, 1862.

I have not written since I left Fort Munroe, as we have been very busy. We arrived at camp Friday night, and went on picket the next morning, it being the turn of our brigade. It was a pretty long day, although there was a good deal

of firing both with rifles and heavy guns. I could see the rebels working their guns perfectly plainly, with a glass. We were called up about four o'clock, Sunday morning, by the firing of the outer pickets, and remained under arms until six or seven o'clock, when we received notice that the enemy had left their forts; and we were immediately ordered over to take possession, which we accordingly did; the colonel running ahead, Dr. Crehore, Hayward, and I bringing up the rear. We found quite formidable earthworks extending for a long distance, with rifle-pits and occasional forts. We remained there about three hours, when we were ordered back to our old camp to pack up, and be ready to start. We waited all day, with a great deal of impatience, until dark; when we gave up, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible with our india-rubber cloths and a fire. This morning we were waked up by the rain dripping through our shelter. We were ordered to march at seven o'clock for Yorktown, and are now in camp about three-quarters of a mile from there; it was in plain sight as we marched into the field where we are in camp; and we can see the masts of the vessels in York River from the next field.

We are in the reserve now, and do not know when we shall start again, but probably immediately. On our way up, we reported at General

McClellan's headquarters, but did not see him. We then went on to report to General Sumner, in whose corps we are. We remain in Dana's Brigade. We saw him, also General Sedgwick of our division, at General Sumner's headquarters. You can form no idea of the excitement of the time, the number of troops constantly passing; there has been a constant stream pouring in from every road since early this morning, and probably all day yesterday. Our particular baggage-train is stuck somewhere in the mud; but we have got our blankets along with us, and shall get on well enough. We can hear artillery in front constantly, not a minute passing without a report, and sometimes a continuous roar. I have not been able to get a horse yet, but shall the first opportunity.

E. H. R. R.

THURSDAY, May 8.

We started Monday morning at seven. It had rained all night, and continued to rain all day. The mud was inexpressible. We reached Yorktown in a few hours. We were ordered to march just before dark, but remained in the rain and mud all night, and embarked at Yorktown, Tuesday, at four in the aftenoon.

We had a very comfortable time up York River; had state-rooms and mattresses, and disembarked next morning at six o'clock with all the

troops, and now remain at or near West Point. You must be very careful not to communicate any thing that can be construed as military information. There was some skirmishing in the advance of our division; but, as we belong to the reserve, we saw nothing of it. Every thing has been quiet since. I am very well indeed, and have not felt the fatigue in the least; though we have had a pretty hard time for the last four days. We came down from Baltimore with Brig.-Gen. Patterson, who obtained transportation to the front from near Ship Point, where we landed from Fort Monroe, and shared it with us: so we came on without delay. It seems strange to realize that we are within thirty miles of our winter-quarters, and under such different circumstances. I know that you were not disappointed to hear of the evacuation of Yorktown. I have written a most rambling letter; but the change from quiet to bustle is so complete and sudden as to make it difficult to remember any thing connectedly.

P. J. R.

SUNDAY, May 11.

I wrote to you on the 8th from West Point. Next day we marched about two miles, and encamped, where we are now. We have had a pretty hard time, owing, in a great extent, to want of food. The whole army having been pushed for-

ward at once, it has been impossible to get up the supply-trains. I think I never eat less in a week, when well, than in the last seven days, not excepting my experience last winter. The supplies arrived this morning. I had a good breakfast, and feel as good as new. We are having splendid weather. The country is just as with us in June. We have gotten beyond the low, swampy ground of the peninsula, into a fine, rolling, dry country. The army treads down vegetation in its immediate vicinity pretty thoroughly, when encamped; though, as we march, every thing looks finely. We march through very large fields, often many hundred acres, separated by wooded districts. In the fields, grain and clover are springing up, giving a fresh appearance to the whole surface. I only discovered when I began to write that today is Sunday,—a very different scene from that with you. I am writing during church-time at home; and, though our regiment is quiet today, the sights and sounds are not very suggestive of Sunday.

Our stay at Yorktown was quite interesting; the old lines of attack during the Revolution being still very distinct. We found General Sumner's headquarters under some old apple-trees, where stood the house in which General Washington's headquarters were.

We arrived at the regiment just at dark. They

had no idea of our arrival. As we brought the news of our exchange, the officers were as much delighted as men could be. They had become discouraged, hearing that the colonel would not be exchanged. The regiment is in fine spirits now, though small.

P. J. R.

Camp Two Miles West of Cumberland,
May 19, 1862.

We left our camp in the woods yesterday, and marched here,—about three miles. Dr. Crehore and I, being detained at the camp after the regiment left, took a little excursion around the country before we found it, going two or three miles out of our way. I have not been able to get a horse, but enjoyed the walk very much, although the day was very warm. We have a nice ground here, high and dry. It has rained all day; but our tents have been dry, as the water drains off well. I suppose that we shall march again tomorrow, if not tonight, as some of the divisions left this morning. I went up to the general's headquarters last night at sundown; and a more beautiful view I never saw. The trees are out in leaf, and the tops could be seen rising in the distance out through the mist which comes from all the valleys, looking almost as if they arose from an ocean; and in the foreground the troops—some fifteen thousand—going through their evening

parade, and beyond them the masts of the vessels, and an occasional glimpse of the river, with a steamboat passing up. E. H. R. R.

MAY 22.

We marched, Wednesday, some ten miles; and are now fourteen miles from Richmond, the advance being much nearer. P. J. R.

MONDAY, June 2.

Saturday afternoon, hearing considerable firing, our division was ordered to move. We crossed the Chickahominy, and advanced about three miles, and engaged the enemy at a place called Fair Oaks. The regiment behaved admirably. We completely routed the enemy, driving him from the field, on which we slept. We have lost from fifteen to twenty men, not more than six killed; no officer wounded. Sunday morning the enemy attacked in great force, but was repulsed with great loss. The fighting was very severe, and lasted several hours. We were not in the heaviest, and lost but two men. We slept again on the field, expecting the attack to be renewed this morning; but, during the night, the enemy, having had enough, retired. I must devote a few hours to sleep. I am well, as is Edward and the colonel. Peirson wrote night before last, and Palfrey telegraphed.

P. J. R.

CAMP AT FAIR OAKS, June 2.

Saturday we crossed the river, and in about two miles came up to the batle-field. Our regiment was immediately deployed; and Dr. Crehore and I prepared to take care of the wounded, who were coming in fast from the regiments engaged. Dr. Crehore and I went to the hospital, and did all we could, until I got word from the colonel to come down to the camp, as he had a lot of prisoners badly wounded. I went down and attended to them, and returned to the hospital, where I remained until daylight, there being a constant stream of wounded; and, although there were fifteen or twenty surgeons, they could not begin to dress one-half of the wounds. Yesterday the fighting recommenced about seven, and lasted, with more or less violence, all day; but the enemy were driven on all quarters, although they fought desperately, and renewed the attack again and again. Our regiment was not immediately engaged, but in support of the batteries. We remained under arms all night; but this morning the enemy had gone. We could hear them talking and giving orders, all night; and the trains coming and going, we supposed bringing up reinforcements. The woods, for a circuit of two miles, are filled with dead and wounded, who are being constantly brought in.

E. H. R. R.

THURSDAY, June 5.

It has rained for the last twenty-six hours constantly. We remain at Fair Oaks as when I last wrote. It would be difficult to imagine one's self on a campaign less accompanied by luxury than this. We moved from our camp last Saturday at short notice; since which, as all transportation must at first be devoted to ammunition, we have seen nothing of our effects but such as were with us. I had obtained a pack-horse that day, and brought along some cooking-utensils: so we have been able to cook whatever food we had.

P. J. R.

CAMP FAIR OAKS, June 8.

Last Tuesday I was detailed from the regiment to see to the furnishing of the wounded with provisions, and to the cooking for them; also to get them on board the cars. I was relieved yesterday; and it really seemed like getting home to be with the regiment again, as the work has been pretty hard, and I have been in a state *bordering on starvation,* as well as without sleep most of the time. The first time (from Saturday) I laid down to get my rest was Friday. Saturday and Sunday nights I slept all the time, and today feel as well as ever. When we started from our last camp, we had made but little preparation for feeding ourselves; and, when I left the regiment, I took nothing with me; and it was impossible to get any-

thing to eat, excepting hard crackers and ship-bread, for the men whom I had hard at work all the time. Dr. Crehore wrote yesterday that I returned not feeling well; but it was an entire mistake, as I was merely exhausted from over-work. Today we have been engaged fitting up our hospital knapsacks, and are ready for another engagement.

E. H. R. R.

JUNE 9, 1862.

Ever since our advance of and the battles of Saturday, May 31, and Sunday, June 1, we have been constantly under arms, night and day. The tremendous rains have prevented the coming-up of men and munitions. It has been necessary for the troops immediately opposed to the enemy to be constantly on the alert. Yesterday a general change in position strengthened our lines; and, for the first time, I slept all night. The hard work agrees with me wonderfully: as one of the officers said yesterday, I am growing fat on it. We are directly on the railroad: the cars run regularly; so that we have enough to eat at present. It is amusing to us to see the newspaper accounts of the battles; but the official reports will, sooner or later, state the facts as they exist. General Sedgwick's division is but little mentioned; though it is well understood in the army that

their arrival on Saturday saved the day. We were immediately opposed to South-Carolina, Georgia, and other of their best troops. The General Pettigrew stated to have been captured by the New-York Sixty-ninth was wounded in front of our regiment, brought in by our men, and his wound attended to by Edward. He remained in our hands all night. Only two regiments of our brigade, the Twentieth and the Michigan Seventh, were in the battle.

P. J. R.

Fair Oaks, June 11.

We still remain at the same camp; and although there have been plenty of shell flying, and some very near, no one on our side has been hit. Our regiment occupies some earthworks by the side of the railroad, thrown up within the last few days. The weather has been terrible ever since we have been here, wet, and the nights as cold as October. No one would recognize the country about here who had not seen it for a week, the woods are so cut down; and where, when we first came, it was almost an unbroken forest, there is now hardly a tree to be seen. They are not only cut down, but burned up for fires, used in cooking, and warming the men. We saw two regiments march out with axes; and, when they commenced cutting, it was the most astonishing sight I ever saw, the woods falling like grass before the

scythe, in regular order, as they marched on. I watched them through a glass for a long time. Dr. Crehore and I never leave the camp, not knowing what may happen at any moment.

E. H. R. R.

FRIDAY, June 13, 1862.

We all continue very well; though both officers and men of our regiment are, or rather were, thoroughly tired. We were kept in the front from the time that we came up until Wednesday in the afternoon,—twelve days; every moment of which time we were under arms. It was a pretty hard session certainly; but, as we got through it without any serious permanent ill effects, it has been a valuable experience. It was really wonderful to observe the spirit of the men during the whole time. Though in immediate contact with the men, I did not hear one word of complaint, but, on the contrary, a constantly-expressed readiness to meet the enemy. As I have already said, we were relieved from our position in the front, Wednesday, and marched back to the second line, as we belong to the reserve. It was the sudden emergency that occasioned our corps to be sent to the front. The enemy took advantage of the tremendous rain-storm to attack that portion of the army which had crossed the Chickahominy, in hopes that the freshet would prevent

the rest of the army from crossing before those already over were beaten by superior numbers; and, but for the foresight of General Sumner, they would probably have succeeded. General Sumner has caused to be built an entirely new bridge, of which the enemy were probably unaware, and on which he crossed, arriving just in time to drive back the enemy's left wing, composed of their best troops, including the "Hampton Legion," their crack corps, to which General Pettigrew belonged.

I have just been interrupted by notice for the regiment to be formed, in expectation of a visit from General McClellan. He came on the field on Sunday after the firing was over, and, as you may suppose, was most enthusiastically received.

P. J. R.

Camp Lincoln, June 18.

The "let-up" from duty at the front for the last week has induced such a state of laziness, that I have put off writing. We had a pretty tiresome ten days after the battles of Saturday and Sunday; and I have improved the opportunity of a comfortable bed to pass a good many hours in reading newspapers and general loafing. I find the canvas sacking a most excellent institution: four crotchets driven into the ground, with length-poles between them, on which the canvas is

stretched, gives just spring enough to be very comfortable. Joe Revere is encamped with his regiment just across the railroad from us, not more than half a mile. He came over a few days since to see us; and I went to see him day before yesterday, though I did not find him in camp. His regiment is very much reduced by their loss at Williamsburg and by sickness. The account of the battles in "The New-York Herald" of June 12 which was sent to me is very correct; at least of the Saturday's battle. On the night of the recent eclipse, there was an alarm from the pickets. We had all turned in with the moon full, and the sky without a cloud; and, when the alarm called us out, there was the sky as clear as ever, but "nary moon." As no one had heard of the phenomenon, we began to think that the enemy had contrived *some* dodge for the concealment of their designs, the eclipse happening to be total.

P. J. R.

Camp Lincoln, June 26.

Knowing how anxious you must be, owing to the accounts of the fight of yesterday which will be flying about, and supposing, of course, as we were not engaged, that the newspapers will have it that we are all killed or wounded, I thought that I would write you a few lines, although the colonel is writing. There was a general advance made of the whole left of the line yesterday, and

the enemy were driven back a mile and a half. The firing of musketry was as heavy as any I almost ever heard; and, although the enemy fought well, they were whipped at every point. Joe Revere was engaged; and, owing to the losses which his regiment met with at Williamsburg and here, it is reduced to two hundred and thirty men. He has only one captain left; the rest either killed or wounded, two being killed yesterday. Paul is dining with Joe today, his duty calling him to the neighborhood of his camp. I have entirely gotten over the diarrhoea, and feel as well as ever. The Nineteenth and the First Massachusetts were a good deal cut up; the Nineteenth losing about forty men; the first five officers wounded, and I do not know how many killed besides. We remain in the same camp, and begin to feel afraid that they will leave us behind to guard the depot, even if an advance is made. I received a nice letter from John today, and am looking forward for one from you tomorrow. You do not know how much pleasure every one gives me, and how nice it is to hear every little incident from home. All our days run into one another, as we never take our clothes off except to wash and change them; and there is hardly a night passes without from one to four alarms, and all the men got under arms, the order being to fall in if there is any continued firing in front.

E. H. R. R.

FRIDAY, June 27, 1862.

I did not write to you yesterday as I intended, being all day in command of a working-party at the intrenchments. I found the place quite near Joe Revere's camp, and took dinner with him. We still remain in the rear, protecting certain bread-boxes, &c. There has been a movement and an engagement on the extreme right of our lines on the other side of the Chickahominy, Porter's division; and the enemy have been most essentially thrashed. All these movements are probably strategic, and part of the steady advance, or rather enclosing of our lines, which, under Providence, will result, as heretofore, in driving back the enemy. One more retreat like those at Manassas, Yorktown, and Corinth, must result in their demoralization, which, as I have always thought, has been the consistent plan of General McClellan, rather than by tremendous attacks with his whole army, occasioning great loss of life, and risking defeat to annihilate the enemy. The weather continues very pleasant. We have had a cool, strong breeze every day; and at night I have slept under two blankets.

P. J. R.

SATURDAY, June 28, 1862.

Today we are awaiting the result of an engagement on our right, Porter's division. It is thought probable we may open communications

with James River. I dare say the papers will be full of disastrous news, should this army move; but the facts are, that the army is in as good condition as it ever has been, full of confidence, and, should it become necessary to move to the left of James River, will still present a determined front to the enemy. Unless something much more important than has yet occured happens, all will go well.

P. J. R.

Opposite City Point, July 1, 1862.

After two days' hard fighting, through God's mercy, Paul, the colonel and myself are left without injury. Four of our officers are wounded: Lieut. Abbott, the arm slightly; Patten, leg below the knee slightly; Muller, foot slightly; Lowell, in bowels, probably mortally. It has been for the last few days very hard work, as we have been outnumbered; but our men have done their duty nobly, as we have been able in every instance to drive the enemy, and quiet him for a sufficient length of time for us to retire. The last two nights we have marched all night, and the night before we were on picket.

E. H. R. R.

July 1, 1862.

I write from the immediate neighborhood of James River; to which place the army has moved,

and where it now lies under cover of the gunboats. We have had tremendous fighting. All the officers of our regiment, with the following exceptions, are uninjured: Lieutenant Patten, slightly, Lieutenant Abbott slightly, Lieutenant Lowell mortally. Lieutenant Muller not come in, thought to be wounded in foot. There is no hope for Lowell. The above, although a general statement, must be taken as exact.

P. J. R.

Harrison's Landing, James River, July 6.

Saturday afternoon, June 28, I was sent, in command of a hundred and fifty men of our regiment to convey some car-loads of ammunition down the railroad to Savage's Station, about two miles or more to our rear; this occupied until about twelve o'clock at night. The next day Sedgwick's division made their appearance, moving down the railroad. They took up position with a part of Richardson's division in the rear of a large plain, through which the railroad runs: the rest of the army had passed. About four o'clock the enemy appeared on our right and front. Two or three brigades were immediately thrown forward to the edge of the woods, beyond the plain, to meet them. Their artillery opened upon our batteries, in support of which we were. We lost four men wounded. The action soon became

general in front; and we were ordered forward to support a part of the line which seemed shaky. The result of the engagement was a complete repulse of the enemy. Immediately after dark all the troops were put in motion, and marched all night, crossing White-oak Swamp. At daylight we halted for two hours; then marched about two miles to Nelson's Farm, where we halted for some hours. About two o'clock the enemy attacked; and, until after dark, a tremendous battle was fought, resulting, as that of Sunday, in the repulse of the enemy, with great loss of life on both sides. As you will have heard, our regiment suffered severely. Poor Lowell fell in the advance across a field; he fell close to me; and, as I passed him, he raised himself on his arm, and, waving his sword, shouted to his men to go forward. Most of the officers who were wounded received but slight wounds.

Colonel Lee was knocked down by a wounded horse, and disabled: he was in command of our brigade, and directed me to act as his aide. After our first advance, and the driving back of the enemy, the Twentieth continued to advance until they were in danger of being surrounded by the enemy; when Colonel Lee sent me to bring up the rest of the brigade. This, of course, separated me from the regiment; and as they were forced to fall back before the other regiments came up, or

rather as the other regiments did not get up, I did not rejoin them until after dark. I was entirely uninjured, though I lost two horses. My own horse was shot in crossing the first field. I found another in the woods in front; which was soon after wounded, but carried me nearly an hour. As soon as possible, we got our regiment together with the other regiments of the brigade, and commenced another night-march. We marched all night, and found ourselves at daylight on another large field, on high, rolling ground. During the next few hours, the rest of the army came marching in in good order. Artillery and cavalry all right. All the wagon-trains had passed the day before. About nine to ten o'clock the enemy appeared; and immediately the whole army was drawn out, and the prospect of a great battle in an open space was before us. The engagement opened with artillery-fighting, which continued for some two hours; when the enemy apparently concluded that it was not an advisable opportunity to make a general attack, and moved toward our left. Here, towards night, severe fighting occurred between Hooker and Kearney's divisions and the enemy, who was finally driven back with loss. This part of the line was under the fire of the gunboats, distant about one mile. In the evening we were again silently put in march about eleven o'clock: the whole army

marched, as before, silently down the river. It was long after daylight before the rear was fairly in march; but the enemy did not attack, showing they must have been driven well back on the preceding night. About ten to eleven, A. M., began one of the tremendous rains peculiar to this part of the country, producing a condition of mud, worse, if it is possible, than any thing we have yet seen. We still had a march of several miles before us; and as the regiments were marched in two columns, in the same road, they became much mixed up. We arrived at the James River in the afternoon at a place called Harrison's Landing,—a most excellent specimen of the old James-river plantations, and one I remember to have noticed on our passage down last winter. A large, old-fashioned brick house, though furnished with modern furniture, stands overlooking the river, with old trees in front, and immense unenclosed fields of many hundred acres extending some half-mile behind it, and down the river as far as one can see. On this plain the army immediately bivouacked by divisions. When we marched on to it, it was one great wheat-field, yellow with ripened grain, and looking most beautifully: the next day it was an immense mud-puddle; not a stalk of grain standing, and none had been cut. The place was very uncomfortable for the men; and on July 4 we were marched back about three-quarters of

a mile, and are now encamped on a large quick-running brook, a most excellent place, and where the men are fast recovering from their fatigue. The opportunity for bathing is invaluable.

I have endeavored to give you a general idea of our movements for the last week, into which has been crowded so much of real war. I am very well, as is Edward. Colonel Lee has gone to Fortress Monroe. "The Philadelphia Inquirer" of July 5 contains a very correct account of the movements of the army during the past week, with due allowance for exaggerated language.

P. J. R.

JULY 7.

I did not finish my letter yesterday. This is a beautiful morning, though the day is likely to prove warm. Thus far, there has been little or no suffering from heat. Of course it is very warm in the sun; but no day as yet without a good breeze, and always cool at night. I am more surprised at the absence of mosquitoes than at any thing else: I had expected to be devoured by them. You need have no anxiety for the position of the army here: it is very strong, and protected by the gunboats. No one here knows anything of our future movements; but every one believes all will go well sooner or later. The late experience of the army, with the great loss of life and accompanying suffering, seems to have been necessary

to convince the country of the wretched folly of interference with military movements on the part of politicians. I continue very well, and quite recovered from the fatigues of last week. We have much cause, my dear wife, for renewed thankfulness for being carried through all these trials: as I also feel for the well-being of all at home every time I receive a letter. P. J. R.

Camp near James River, July 13.

We still remain at the same camp; and it seems as if we should for some time: and every one seems to be settling down for a regular life; that is, making themselves as comfortable as possible. We suffered a great deal from the heat the first part of last week; but yesterday and to-day have been quite cool: in fact, I awoke last night really suffering from cold, as I had not put the blankets over me, although I had my clothes on. We are now indulging in the luxury of fresh onions, but have lived for the last three weeks in about as uncomfortable a manner as can be imagined, not having been able to procure any thing but what the commissary had in his stock, and that in very small quantities, as the provisions had not been delivered here, and we were cut off from our supplies at White House. I am feeling very well now; I think fully as well as at any time since I joined the army. E. H. R. R.

SUNDAY, July 13, 1862.

Since our arrival at James River, it has been to us a time of almost unbroken quiet, the more noticeable from the contrast with our position before we moved in this direction. There, hardly an hour passed without firing of some kind: here, particularly at night, it is almost impossible to realize that one is surrounded by so many thouasnds of men. I have not felt up to much work for several days, and have been keeping quiet: nothing particular the matter, but generally done up. Don't imagine all kinds of illness incident to a Southern climate, &c. The same experience anywhere would have produced the same result.

P. J. R.

SUNDAY, July 20, 1862.

I was not well last week, but am quite well again now. I was tired out, I suppose, but chiefly suffered from the severe fall received two days before we arrived here. I had, while feeling poorly, last week, an attack of neuralgia for three days in the side of my face, taking advantage of me,—of those teeth which I did not have attended to when I was at home. P. J. R.

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING,
July 22, 1862.

I have not written for several days, as I have been pretty busy, and have had a touch of neural-

gia in my face. I think that I should have had the teeth which ached out, if I had had any instruments when the pain commenced; but was very glad afterwards that I did not, as the pain left, after a few days using quinine, as suddenly as it came. Paul had a touch of it the week before, and was really miserable for a few days, but is now as well as ever. I think, with both of us, it was the re-action after the over-work which we had been having for the last few weeks. This camp, I think, is the healthiest we have been in since we came on to the Peninsula; and the men are gaining both in health and strength. There is a grand review of the whole army corps (I mean Sumner's) today; and I am left in camp in charge of hospitals, and in case of accidents. Paul and I are in the same mess, and the last few days, have occupied the same tent; he having had my sacking swung in his, as it was more comfortable than mine, having a fly over it which kept off the sun, and better than the cooper's shop where we all eat, and take our afternoon nap, where there is always a great deal of noise, laughing and talking; and, when I had the pain in my face, it was not a little irritating. This cooper's shop is merely a barn half full of staves, which we have used as flooring, and is intensely dirty; but we have torn off the boards about three feet from the ground, which makes a good draught through,

and, owing to its having a wooden roof, is the most cool and comfortable place in the brigade, if not in the division, especially as we use the cool canvas stretchers for couches. The weather has been very hot most of the time; but then we have had a good air in moving, which has been a great relief.

There was a little lieutenant, named Kenney, who was a prisoner with us, who was wounded in the stomach, and died the next day. He was about eighteen, and perfectly resigned to his fate, although suffering terribly. Paul has written to his mother and sister in Philadelphia. He was in Markoe's regiment, and distinguished himself in every battle. He was a very religious person, and, all the time at Richmond, read his Bible and prayer-book every day.

E. H. R. R.

Sunday, July 27, 1862.

I have quite recovered from my indisposition of a week ago. The fall, to which I ascribed it, was when the horse, which I picked up at Nelson's Farm, went down. I did not receive any bruise: it was the jar of falling that affected me; and it only showed itself when the re-action from fatigue occurred some days after. All effect of it is gone, and I am as well as ever. We are having the most entirely lazy time you can imagine; literally

doing nothing. There is a good deal of sickness among the men still, but referable to their condition before arriving here, and the lack of a sufficient supply of vegetables. I have received from General Sumner a most flattering offer of a place on his staff, perhaps the most important on it; and, should certain changes be completed which are now in progress as to his command, a place of much greater responsibility than the command of a regiment. The time is fast approaching when men in the army are to be measured by their capacity and willingness for service; and those found deficient will have to go to the wall. It will prove to have been any thing but fortunate for those who have been placed in positions of which they are not masters. As to myself, whatever may fail to be accomplished for me through our State government, I have no doubt of obtaining, should my life be spared, whatever position I am capable of filling.

P. J. R.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CORPS D'ARMÉE,
July 24, 1862.

DEAR MAJOR,—Would you like the appointment of inspector-general on my staff, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel? If it would suit you, I should like to have you take it. The duty will be to make frequent inspections of the troops, and to

superintend the execution of all orders, and to inform me at once whenever they are disobeyed or neglected. Very truly yours,

E. V. SUMNER,
Brevet Major-Gen. U. S. A.

Major P. J. Revere.

JULY 25, 1862.

Major Gen. E. V. Sumner:

DEAR GENERAL,—I have taken the liberty of considering one night your most flattering proposition of the appointment on your staff, and for the reason that I find myself in a somewhat peculiar position, which I desire to state frankly to you. My friends in Massachusetts, at my request, are making strong efforts to obtain for me the command of one of the new regiments. For an indorsement of General Dana's recommendation for such a command I am indebted to yourself; and I think you will agree with me, that a due consideration for my friends should prevent my acceptance of any position, however flattering to me, or congenial with my feelings, pending the result of their efforts. How soon that result may appear, of course depends on the general success of recruiting. Once more expressing my appreciation of the flattering nature of your offer, and my deep sense of your uniform kindness to and consideration of myself,

I remain your most obedient servant,

P. J. R.

Camp near James River, Aug. 10, 1862.

Major,—I am directed by the major-general commanding the corps to notify you that he has designated you as as the inspector-general of his corps d'armee. Allow me to express to you, major, my congratulations, and my hope that you will soon be able to join us.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. H. Taylor,

Chief of Staff, Q., and A. A. G.

Wednesday Evening, Aug. 6.

I write you a few lines tonight, thinking that you might see by the papers that our division had moved.

On Monday we were ordered to march at six, p. m. We marched all night; and, about six o'clock in the morning, came out on the battle-field at Nelson's Farm. From here we marched by the same road as before to Malvern Hill, where the last of the battles was fought. The enemy was in small force, and retired rapidly. There was some cavalry skirmishes; and we took a hundred and fifty prisoners and some artillery. We halted at Malvern in a great field, in front of a large brick house, all pretty tired. I had not been very well for a few days, and had consequently eaten very little; so was pretty well used up with this excursion. The sun was very hot; and I went up to

the house to get in the shade. While there, General McClellan and General Sumner arrived. General Sumner was not very well. He came where I was in the porch of the house, looking for a place to lie down. I gave him my coat, and he laid down. Soon after he went away, I went to get my coat, and remained in the same place. I said to Captain Sedgwick I was not well, and, if he were in the way of sending any officer to camp with orders, to send me. Judge of my amazement when, in about three minutes, I found myself confronted by General McClellan, who informed me that he had ordered a wagon, which would arrive presently, to convey me to camp. I endeavored to remonstrate. He told me it was his order, and that I need say nothing to the contrary; that I should be ill if I tried to stay; and go I must. Of course I could do nothing but thank him for his kindness, and go. It seemed that Sedgwick was saying something to one of General McClellan's staff about me; when the general, hearing my name, asked what was the matter, and, on being told, did as I have described. It certainly was very kind; was it not? His manner could not have been more considerate had I been an intimate personal friend. I mounted a very comfortable covered wagon, and trotted back to camp.

P. J. R.

The exhausting service told upon Paul. The malaria under which so many sank rendered him at length unfit for duty; and, after the battle of Malvern Hill, General Sumner ordered him home on sick leave, giving him a furlough of fifteen days. It was none too early for him to make the change. He was carried on board the steamer in waiting by his brother, and had not strength during the passage to leave the deck. The sea-breezes and rest, however, revived him; and he arrived at home in Canton about the 18th of August, in a fair way to be benefited by the pure country air, good food, kind nursing, and repose. In ten days, though far from well, he was on the road back to his post. He returned to his place on General Sumner's staff, which he had now been able fully to accept. The army had left its position on the James River, and was retracing its steps to the Potomac.

Steamer Atlantic, Aug. 27.

Dear Paul,—We went aboard this steamer night before last at Newport News, after quite a

long and hard march from Harrison's Landing. The march was much the hardest of any thing I have seen: for, although we did not make any great distance, the men, when moving, were hurried along tremendously; and the artillery, infantry, and baggage-trains, were all moving at the same time; and the dust was almost insupportable, it being so thick you could not see the men three ranks ahead of you. I have been perfectly well on the march and have not had the slightest touch of diarrhœa, which has troubled almost every one else. We have not the remotest idea of where we are bound to, but probably to Acquia Creek; at any rate, we are on our way up the Potomac, and have not been aground but once, and then only for a few minutes. I was very glad to hear that you felt so much better, as I could not help feeling quite anxious about you.

We arrived in Alexandria, Thursday, 28th, at ten o'clock, all well and safe.

E. H. R. R.

General McClellan had been removed from command, and General Pope set over the Army of the Potomac. The second Bull Run battle, disastrous to the Union side, again altered the aspect of affairs. Our troops in retreat, the rebels coming up the valley in force, Washing-

ton threatened once more, — it was a moment for serious apprehension, when confidence needed to be at once restored. McClellan was reinstated, and received with acclamations by the army, that followed him in fine spirits over into Maryland to confront Lee, who had crossed the river several miles above the city.

Paul reached Washington on the 1st of September, and there learned that his corps was in the neighborhood of Centreville. He writes home, September 2d, "I cannot be too thankful for my visit at home. Every thing was so bright and cheerful! and its being so unexpected made it the more satisfactory. It was worth being a little sick for. I should never have had any impression of our dear little girl as a baby but for my visit just at that time. I have just met one of General Sumner's staff, who has given us a wagon, in which we are going out." Again, on the 4th, he writes, "Hearing that the corps was moving, I rode on, and came up with General Sumner at Tenallytown (if I spell it right), where we now

are. We are in a most charming spot, on the lawn of a well-kept place, with nice grass and shade-trees on very high land overlooking the country around Washington. General Sumner received me very kindly, making me feel at home at once. I am writing in Washington, where I have ridden with General Sumner to-day. It is but a few miles' ride. It seems strange to be in Maryland again after so long a time of campaigning. But every one feels that all will go well since General McClellan is to be in command. The enthusiasm in the army yesterday, on hearing of this, was unbounded. Tired as the men were, they fairly howled; and, in the hospitals, the wounded raised a cheer as well as they could."

The 10th of September, his birthday, the following letter was written:

SEPT. 10, 1862.

MY DEAREST LU,—I cannot allow my birthday to pass without writing you a word; though I have not found time to write you through the day. I wrote to you from our camp near Rockville on Sunday. Yesterday we marched about five miles,

and today some three more. I was sent some miles to another part of the line after we halted: so my day was quite used up. How strange it seems that I should find myself, after a year's experience of military life, in the very district in which I commenced it! I think that I passed my last birthday in the road which leads through Rockville. When I try to realize the (to me) extraordinary experience of the year since then, I find it impossible to take it all in, in its details; the result, being the strongest impression of the utter impossibility of calculating on the future of human affairs, and the consequent necessity, since we must be interested in the future, from our very nature, of having, on the one hand, an abiding faith in God's providence; or, on the other, of risking unhappiness in the failure of our plans to provide for events which we could not foresee. And, when I consider that necessity in relation to the present of our affairs, I cannot and do not attempt to foresee any thing as to our personal future. But remembering that in this past year, from events which, had we been able, we could only have looked forward to with the greatest distress, we have received lessons of more value than any possible advantage, I assure you, my dear wife, that I have an absolute faith, that, if our duty is performed according to our ability, the result, though perhaps through tribulation,

will be happiness now, or hereafter; and that we may be able to perform that duty is my daily prayer.

I must think that we have great cause to be thankful that at this time you are so well situated. You can have little idea of the experiences of people in whose homes the war exists. It makes no difference which side is victorious: all that they value is destroyed.

God bless you and our dear children, and give us strength to believe that whatever may be before us is for our lasting good! Love to all at home.

P. J. R.

"This," his mother says in her journal, "was but a week before the battle of Antietam, on the 17th of September. There, he was wounded, and obliged to leave the field, keeping on his horse, and passing and stopping to speak with dear friends in ambulances" (Sedgwick and Dwight) "who would not long survive. He reached home on the 20th; believing, from the statement of one of the surgeons, that his brother, Dr. Revere, was safe on duty in the hospital. One hour after his arrival in Boston, the news came of his brother's death in the field." Paul's

account, in a letter he wrote before starting for home, runs thus: "I am writing you a few lines, in hope of your receiving them in advance of any painful rumors. There has been a general engagement of a severe nature to-day. The result is not yet decided; though I have confidence in our being victorious. I have received a flesh wound through the arm, just above the wrist. It is but a slight affair; no bone broken; and not the slightest occasion for anxiety. I did not leave the field for several hours after being hit; so you may suppose the would was not very severe. It is not painful; only stiff and lame, as if from a severe blow. I was near the Twentieth this afternoon, and heard of them from several persons. I saw Edward in the forenoon for a moment. There are many wounded, and he will have his hands full." But Edward was gone,—falling in the midst of the wounded, whom he was caring for in the thick of the fight, and in the very act of cheering on the men near him to another charge.

EDWARD H. R. REVERE

EDWARD H. R. REVERE, M. D.

This excellent surgeon, and brave, noble-hearted man, whose death on the field of battle, and in the discharge of his duty, his friends and the public have recently been called upon to lament, was born in Boston, July 23, 1827. His paternal grandfather was Col. Paul Revere, so well known for his patriotic services in the Revolution, as well as for his connection with the mechanic arts of his time. His maternal grandfather, whose name he bore, was a man of great energy and wide influence, and for many years Judge of Probate for Norfolk County. He had also been Lieutenant-Governor. Dr. Revere's early education was had in the schools of his native city. He embraced the profession of medicine, and took his degree at the Medical School of Harvard University in 1849. He then went to Paris for a year of medical study, and was diligent in availing himself of the advan-

tages for improvement which that capital offered. Returning home, he engaged in the practice of his profession at Greenfield, in this state, where he resided for some years. He subsequently removed to Canton, where his father had a summer residence, and where he interested himself in various benevolent efforts. Impelled by a strong sense of duty, he offered his professional services to his country soon after the breaking out of the war. For this sphere of duty he was peculiarly well qualified. Besides his professional skill, his courage was of the highest temper; his heart was tender and kind; and he had the further and most important advantage of a powerful frame, capable alike of great efforts and great endurance.

He joined the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment on the 17th of September, 1861; and on the 21st of October he was ordered to the battle of Ball's Bluff. He was, through the whole day, the only surgeon on the field for a force of fourteen hundred men. He was constantly exposed

to a shower of bullets, which did not in the least discompose him, or interfere with the calm and resolute performance of his duty. It was mainly owing to his exertions that nearly all the wounded were removed to the Maryland shore. He was taken prisoner at night with Colonel Lee, his brother Major Revere, and other officers, and endured an imprisonment of four months of the most rigorous kind. It was born by Dr. Revere with a quiet fortitude and uncomplaining cheerfulness, which were the result of a strong temperament and a manly heart. During all the privations, indignities, and exasperations to which he, in companionship with his brother officers, was exposed, not an irritable word ever escaped his lips. For a part of the time, in conjunction with Dr. Fletcher of Indiana, he was allowed to employ his professional services in aid of the sick and wounded Federal prisoners in the hospital at Richmond. Here his ministrations were most blessed, not merely in the direct professional relief they afforded, but also in their influence

in cheering the desponding, and keeping up the spirits of those who were ready to despair. He gave efficient aid in removing two hundred of the prisoners to the boats for Fortress Monroe.

Upon his exchange in February, he rejoined his regiment two days before the evacuation of Yorktown; went through all the subsequent battles; and was especially noticed at Fair Oaks for his devoted attendance upon the large numbers of wounded. During the continuous series of battles for seven days consequent upon General McClellan's change of front, his exertions were uninterrupted and prodigious. He worked literally day and night. Nothing but his uncommon physical energy could have sustained the pressure made upon his powers of mind and body.

He went into the battle of Antietam as a surgeon, but acted also as an officer of the line in keeping up the men to their duty. He was shot through the heart, and immediately passed from life to death. The day was the 17th of September, the

anniversary of that on which he joined the army. His death was glorious in all respects; for it was met on the perilous edge of battle, in the calm and fearless discharge of his duty.

As an illustration of his courage, and of his forgetfulness of self when in the way of his duty, it may be mentioned, that, only a few moments before he fell, he was observed by one of the officers of his regiment to be attending to a wounded man upon the ground. While thus occupied, the regiment, which stood within a few feet of him, suddenly changed front, faced to the rear, and fired a volley over his head. He continued his work without a trembling of the hand, and not even looking up.

Dr. Revere married, early in his professional life, Miss Laura P. Jordan of Canton, a niece of Commodore Downs. His widow, and one child, a daughter, survive him.

Camp near Keedysville, Md.
Sept. 21, 1862.

I enclose to you several letters received here for your brother since the battle; also a small package recovered from his body by a lieutenant of another regiment. I write in great haste: but I must not neglect to tell you how much I, as his messmate, with Colonel Lee and Dr. Hayward, feel the loss of your brother,—with whom I had some college acquaintance, renewed since he was with us,—and how much we sympathize with you and the others of his family; our regret only tempered by reflecting that he died in a way that will make his name one of the brilliant ones in this war. The example that he set to devotion to the men of his regiment, at the sacrifice of his own life, is one that has rarely been set, and cannot fail of a wide effect. When I first saw one of our wounded officers, almost his first conversation about the battle was to express his admiration for the bravery of our two surgeons; and he spoke of your brother more particularly, whom he noticed after the regiment had "faced to the rear," and had thus left him on the side of our lines next the enemy, keeping on his labor undisturbed, and continuing his attentions to the wounded man whom he had at that particular time under his charge. Massachusetts may well be proud of her surgeons as of her soldiers.

C. W. F.

Edward's Ferry, Oct. 2, 1862.

I have heard the sad news of Edward's death; and cannot refrain from sending you an expression of my warmest sympathy, even at the risk of intrusion. The surgeon will be a great loss to his regiment and to the army, but the genial, kind-hearted gentleman even more to his many friends, among whom I place myself. The intimate relations in which we have been placed during the past year, and especially during our captivity, have made me regard him as more than an acquaintance, and with real friendship. I have heard none of the particulars; but I know that he met his death in defence of his country as a really brave man, as he was, would do,—at his post, in performance of his duty. I can only wish we may all do our duty as well as he did his.

C. L. P.

Bolivar Heights, Harper's Ferry, Oct. 13.

We were very sorry to lose your brother; but we should realize it more if we did not seem to have lost everybody. There is nobody left to feel a loss, I believe, but myself, out of the old field and staff of the once "gay Twentieth." Colonel Lee is commanding the brigade; Major Revere removed and promoted; Palfrey severely wounded. Your brother received the just reward of his devoted services. Dr. Hayward away on sick leave; poor Dr. Revere gone! We felt very much the

loss of Dr. Revere, who was killed while so bravely attending to wounded in the extreme front; in fact, in front of the regiment. Both he and Dr. Hayward have the warmest praise from all, for their courage and devotedness on that field, which exceeded, in the hotness of the fire, by far any thing our regiment had ever been exposed to. C. W. F.

We quote once more from his mother's journal:

"It would be impossible to express the enthusiasm of Dr. Revere in administering to the poor creatures in the Richmond hospital, and their response to him from the fact that he was a northern physician. One of them said, 'his coming to them was like a new sunshine on their misery;' and many is the man who has called at his father's house to express his gratitude, and to say what a blessing he was to them. We can look back upon the wonderful mercies attending our dear Edward with more composure after years of separation, remembering the compensations there were in his own heart. His desire of usefulness has been fully answered in

that year of great duty, when so many of his fellow-creatures were relieved by his efforts. He had proved the power that was in him, and given assurance of his trust in God. I can see the conflicts of this world, to him, are well over, and that life was swallowed up in victory. His large heart could not die; it had ever beat with the best and the holiest affections, and with a more tender desire to help the tempted and sorrowful than is usual to man."

Extracts from Judge Devens's response at a medical dinner:

"Alike in the camp, in the hospital, on the field, the surgeons shared in every toil and every danger; and in those dark and dreary hours which occurred more than once, when we were compelled to abandon our wounded on the field, they never hesitated to be taken prisoners with their men, although it exposed them to months of insult and privation. If I recall by name two,— Dr. E. H. R. Revere and Dr. S. F. Haven,—it is because they were my friends, and not because you had

not others, who, like them, nobly sacrificed their lives on the field for the great cause for which we fought. Each, if he had been content to perform his duty only, as the regulations of the army required it of him, could have remained in his hospital at the rear of the line, and rendered his services to such as were brought to him; but they died in the front of the battle, among the men, literally in the ranks, where no commander would have ordered or even asked them to go; so anxious were they to superintend personally the removal of the wounded, and to give not only their faithful but their instant aid. When I think of the life and death of such men as these, of their high devotion to duty, of their faithful guardianship of those under their care, I cannot but feel and speak warmly of the medical profession."

The shock of this unexpected sorrow in the loss of Edward was very great to Paul. That he should have come away without seeing him, or knowing of his fate,— leaving him dying or dead,— was a

heavy thought at first. Wounded, feeble, suffering, this was an added pang. But he was the one to break the dreadful news to the family, and sustained himself and helped them with his usual firmness and patience.

He had hoped not to be detained at home for any length of time by his wound. He had made light of it in writing to his wife; but it proved a more serious matter than was then supposed. His former debility and his general condition rendered him a bad subject for such an experience. There were no serious symptoms; but he did not rally. Going to Canton, he gave himself up to rest. Week after week passed, and his recovery was delayed. He went to Boston with the family the latter part of October, trusting that a week or two would see him well. Still he was too feeble, far into the winter, to think of returning to his army duties. Then malaria showed itself with severe rheumatism; and he was confined to his room, and part of the time to his bed, unable to move. After a

weary period of pain and inability, however, he seemed to revive, and was able gradually to move about; and thus slowly he recovered sufficiently by the latter part of January to imagine he could go back to his place in the field. That winter had been a dark one for the Union side. The repeated changes of commanders, and disastrous battles before Fredericksburg, had brought the country back to the old feeling of uncertainty and apprehension which had begun to oppress it before the battle of Antietam. Disabled men at home longed to be at work. It chafed them sorely to read of the losses, and think that they were incapacitated and idle; but only so because they had not spared themselves before, but done so much. Paul could not bear to be away a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. As soon as he could sit a horse, he considered himself fit for any thing, and determined on making the trial of his strength. His friends saw that it was almost an impossibility for him to carry out his purpose; and when, having gone

as far as Washington, he was obliged to return by easy stages, stopping to rest in Philadelphia and New York, they were not surprised. Weeks went by again of varying health. The spring found him better; and so impatient was he to be at his post, that towards the last of April he took another leave of his friends, and started with fresh hope for Washington. He knew not where he would be assigned. In January, his old friend, General Sumner, died. His staff-officers, of course, were scattered; and Paul was obliged to look for another position. It happened at this time that the Twentieth Regiment was open to him as colonel. Receiving his appointment in Washington, he joined the regiment at Falmouth, and was much pleased to be again with his old comrades and friends, by whom he was gladly welcomed.

His being made colonel brings to mind what one of the old friends of the family had said, when, two years before, he went into the army: "He will come back a colonel, like his grandfather" (Col. Paul

Revere). Paul was a person born to command; and he filled his office naturally, gracefully, kindly, but with strictness and justice. This will appear more forcibly as presented in one or two communications from officers of the Twentieth after his death. He believed in discipline; but no merit was overlooked. He was ready to share in the hardships of the camp and march; and he expected others to do their full part also, each in his place, for the good of the whole. These two months — the last of his life — that he was in command of his old regiment were months of great interest to him.

FALMOUTH, Monday, May 11, 1863.

I write a few lines to tell you of my safe arrival here. I came down in the boat, arriving at about two o'clock. I found the regiment in the town; the officers in a very good house, and very comfortable; the weather delightful,—rather warm for comfort; the trees in leaf.

P. J. R.

MAY 12, 1863.

The brigade is under the command of Colonel Hall, a most excellent man, a West-Pointer; quite

young; that is, under thirty. Nothing is known here as to future movements. I am feeling very well indeed, and have no doubt that the warm weather will eradicate the enemy entirely. There is a most astounding number of birds in the trees about this house, occassioned, I suppose, by the cutting-down of the forest-trees in the neighborhood: some of them are of most beautiful plumage.

P. J. R.

May 15, 1863.

The regiment is quartered in the town of Falmouth; and I am living in a very comfortable house belonging to one Miss Dunbar, a most rabid Southerner, who fully appreciates the fact that a woman's tongue is her only weapon in this contest. I called upon her today; and she gave me the usual recitation of violated soil, desecrated hearthstones, &c.

The regiment seems very small after seeing the Thirty-ninth, but makes up in spirit what it wants in numbers. There are very few officers,—about one to a company. My horse proves a very good one. He is very quiet, and at the same time has plenty of spirit if you wish to wake him up.

I called on General Couch, who received me very kindly. He stands very high in the estimation of the army.

One can hardly realize the fact of two large armies so near each other, every thing is so quiet. The pickets have been so long accustomed to seeing each other, that they never think of firing: indeed, there are to be seen, at any time, squads—thirty to forty of them—hauling seines in the river, in which they take large number of shad and herring. Unfortunately, a general order forbids our men to fish, or we might have a plentiful supply of fish. It would not be practicable for both parties to be at it at the same time; for the river is not very wide, and the "rebs" come half way across with their seines.

The opposite bank of the river is much lower than our side, which rises into steep hills, intersected by deep ravines running towards the river. The other side is quite level for some distance from the river, and then rises to a rolling country, on the ridges of which are the batteries and rifle-pits of the "rebs."

Fredericksburg is about a mile below us,—a compactly-built town; most of the houses of brick; which method of building has saved it from destruction, the shot and shell merely making round holes in the walls. The place seems pretty well deserted, though some of the inhabitants (chiefly women) are to be seen moving about.

P. J. R.

May 17, 1863.

We remain in Falmouth, the regiment quartered in houses; Macy, the surgeons, adjutant, Patten, and myself, in the principal house of the village. It is really very pleasant. The house is surrounded by fine trees; a splendid elm shading the end of the house, horse-chestnut trees in front, and other large trees in the garden behind. Many of the latter have their trunks entirely covered with English ivy of many years' growth. The owner, Miss Dunbar, is in the condition that an elderly maiden lady, owning a nice house and grounds kept with scrupulous care, might be supposed to be on having her house taken possession of, and her grounds passed through constantly by soldiers: and withal, being a rabid Southerner, she thinks herself singled out for persecution; the fact being, that she has really been treated with consideration, in having more than half her house left to her exclusive use, with a guard constantly before it to prevent intrusion. It is next to impossible for a woman to realize the necessities of war as any excuse for what seems to her only a violation of her individual rights. Could New-England people realize what war really is, as shown in the experiences of those who inhabit the actual theatre of the war, they would hardly think and speak as flippantly of its operations as they are in the habit of doing. When one is compelled

to the conviction that it makes but little difference in the case of individual rights, whether a country is occupied by friends or foes in time of war, and is forced to the reflection of the possibility of such occupancy by one or the other, he will be much more single-minded in his efforts to bring the war to a close by the only means by which it can be concluded; that is, directing every effort and every thought to the one end of successful fighting.

I continue very well. Was on duty as general officer of the day for twenty-four hours; which implies much riding, without particular fatigue. The weather has been delightful,—cool and bracing. The trees are filled with birds. A robin is looking in at the window from her nest in a tree a few feet from me. She has just given her eggs a peck, to inquire if they are ready to open; but apparently has received an unfavorable response, as she has settled back with a most resolute air, as if thinking it was not the first time she had hatched robins.

I wonder if young robins ever trouble their parents by sucking their thumbs. If I remain here, I shall watch to see what the remedy is in that case, that it may be applied to a certain "chick" of mine should he prove otherwise incorrigible.

P. J. R.

May 20, 1863.

When I think of what has been lived through by us in the past two years, it seems to me that I must be lacking in sensibilty not to feel more change in myself.

Is it that the change in curcumstances has been so radical and sudden, that sufficient time has not passed to affect our characters, or even to allow us to realize fully the events? or is it that our human constitution is such, that Providence has not intended that events should change it, but only modify it, and that the change which we are in the habit of considering the end of all human experience may be merely the means of introducing us to a new experience in a different and higher life, where we may hope to be eventually perfected? I love this view of our existence, because I can actually realize through it that which is otherwise so difficult to take in,—that our present life is but a phase of our existence.

It seems to me that making this not simply a belief, but as much a reality to ourselves as that we may grow old, or as that any of the experiences that we see other men go through may be ours, is the surest means of fitting us for another life; for by this habitual contemplation of it, coupled with religious faith, we shall get to the habit of providing to enter it by the only means given us to do so,—fulfilling our duties. To one

with whom this habit of really contemplating the true relation of the present and future life has become fixed, how many of even the severe trials he may be called on to meet will appear comparatively bearable! To my mind there is contained in the consistency between this view (which would at first seem calculated to make us to some extent indifferent to matters in this life), and the existence of our human affections the most striking evidence of God's power in adapting us to our present existence.

P. J. R.

May 27, 1863.

We are still living quietly in Falmouth. This life is so comfortable, that it seems impossible that it should last. I am writing in a room larger than any of those which father thought so large in the "Villa," the windows of which look down the river to "Fredericksburg. On looking up, I see the "rebs" in considerable numbers loafing up and down on the opposite bank of the river. A party of about a dozen are just drawing a seine. In the last few days they have taken to deserting more than usual, coming over singly and in pairs. Between last evening and this morning, eighteen have come over from the troops in and around Fredericksburg. For the last ten days they have been drawing seines all the time; and the plan of escape has been, for any man who wished to

desert, to get hold of the end of the seine which was to be drawn out, and, when it was at its extreme length, to dive and "put" for our side. The guard would be afraid to fire, as so many of their men would be in the water that our men could shoot a dozen of them before they could get out. They confine the fishing to a few selected men now. I am about as good as new physically, though my long absence from exertion of any kind makes work "come hard."

It is a great pleasure that Frankie thinks so much of me. My stay at home has certainly been a great blessing on that account, if no other of the many enjoyments I experienced had existed. I can't but feel that such experiences of the enjoyment we sometimes have in this life as a consequence of suffering (as, in our case, the consequence of my illness) are intended to suggest to us the possibility of future happiness, even should the general course of our present existence be clouded, provided we struggle to do our duty.

P. J. R.

Falmouth, Saturday, June 6, 1863.

I had intended writing a long letter, but have been very busy last evening and early this morning. We had expected to move at daylight; but the order was countermanded. Sedgwick's corps threw over bridges below Fredericksburg yester-

day, and commenced crossing in the afternoon under a fire of artillery from our guns. Nothing serious ensued; and as every thing is quiet to-day, and our orders to move countermanded, we conclude that it was either a feint, or only a reconnoissance to ascertain if the enemy were still there in force. Every individual "reb" had disappeared from the other side of the river this morning.

P. J. R.

JUNE 14.

We have been under marching orders for some days, and shall undoubtedly march before morning.

JUNE 18.

We are at Fairfax Station, twenty miles from Alexandria. We left our quarters in Falmouth just after dark Sunday evening, but remained during the night. Got fairly off just after daylight, the enemy making no demonstration. We marched to Acquia Creek. Tuesday, marched again to Ocoquan Creek. Wednesday to this place,—Fairfax Station. The whole march has been extremely severe, the heat and dust intolerable. I have never seen so much unfeigned suffering during the war. In not a few cases the men fell dead by the side of the road. The conduct of the troops was beyond all praise. Hardly a man was to be found whose feet were not blis-

tered, this joined to other causes of suffering; and yet they marched hour after hour. Of the Twentieth, every man bearing arms, except twelve, who had certificates from the surgeon of being physically unable to march, answered to their names at roll-call *one minute* after halting.

P. J. R.

JUNE 22.

Friday afternon we marched to Centreville, and Saturday to within two miles of Thoroughfare Gap, where we now are. The march of Saturday was very fatiguing to the men: it rained most of the time, and we did not arrive at the camp until near midnight. I got on comparatively well: for, not feeling well, Dr. Hayward advised me to ride in an ambulance; which I did, and so escaped much of the fatigue. I am quite well again. On our march we passed the Stone house where we were confined over night after Ball's Bluff, and where we first received food. It is in the midst of the battle-ground of the first Bull Run.

MONDAY, June 29.

We are just outside of Frederick City. We have been marching ever since I wrote the last letter.

P. J. R.

JUNE 30.

We are at the town of Union, Md.; where we arrived last night after the most tremendous march of the war. We left camp at eight A. M., and arrived at nine at night; the distance over thirty miles. The troops were completely exhausted for the time, but seem made of iron; for, after one day's rest are in as good heart as ever. We lost but two men from the regiment from dropping out, but had to leave thirteen to be brought on in ambulances. The endurance of the men was only equalled by their orderly conduct. Not a man on the line of our division could be seen outside the road, and the temptations were unusual. This whole country is one great farm,—field after field of crops of every kind; and, at every house, plenty of poultry and fresh vegetables. The strongest temptation was through the cherry-trees: the road was lined with them of every variety and in perfection; and yet on we marched right under them, leaving them behind. I made up for it to-day, being in town where the Nineteenth Massachusetts were on guard. I found that they had a very long ladder against a tree that bore such cherries as you never dreamed of. I ascended, and remained as long as my capacity for eating held out. Tell father I remembered him, and ate a full share for him as well as myself. The contrast in the manner of

the people here with that to which we have been accustomed in Virginia is very pleasing. This part of the State is very populous: and, at nearly every house, men and women were collected, giving water and whatever they had to the troops; a most pernicious practice, by the way, as it delays the march, and uses up many men by excessive drinking, though done from the best motives. The people were entirely taken by surprise, not expecting the army in this direction. They are the most thoroughly rural population imaginable.

We crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, our old place. We camped on the farm adjoining our old camp. I rode over there. As you will suppose, the visit gave rise to many reflections on the events of the two years since I marched from it. When we first camped there, the want of good water was much felt, and I spent several days with a number of men building a well. I went to it, and found it in good preservation. The remains of the winter-quarters gave me a good idea of their position during the winter. I have some dozen blossoms picked there, I will send you. I suppose some one has some idea where the enemy is; though we know nothing, as no force has been met.

THURSDAY, July 2.

We marched yesterday to near Gettysburg; and, this morning, moved to rear of the town.

There seems a prospect of an engagement. In case one should occur, we all hope it may be a general one, as, from the position of the armies, it seems it must prove decisive. For myself, I feel that God will order what is best for us all. May he bless you and our dear children and all at home! I received Josie's letter yesterday, with our dear little heart's photograph. He looks quite like a man, and old enough to take care of his mamma. Tell him I say so, and shall depend on his doing so. P. J. R.

The design of the enemy was for Lee to keep Hooker engaged with a portion of his force on the east side of the Blue Ridge, and with the remainder to cross the Potomac in the neighborhood of Poolesville, and make a descent on Washington and Baltimore.

This plan was frustrated; and the whole rebel army pressed forward into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Our men were not behindhand, and, by a shorter line of march, were brought up by the first of July before the enemy; and then was fought one of the decisive battles of the war, at Gettysburg.

"HIGH WATER MARK OF THE REBELLION," GETTYSBURG

The boulder to the right of the cannon's mouth marks the position of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment

Here it was — where the tide of invasion and disaster was turned, and Lee led off his troops, broken and defeated, leaving a third of his force in our hands, or among the dead — that the end came, in the moment of triumph, to Colonel Revere. He was wounded at three o'clock, P. M., July 2d. His regiment was in advance, lying on the ground. He rose a little to reconnoitre or give an order, and received a mortal wound. He was immediately carried off the field, and soon conveyed to the division hospital in Gettysburg, where he lingered until six o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th. His servant was with him; and he received devoted attentions from the surgeon of his regiment, Dr. Hayward. He desired a telegram to be sent home at once, telling of his fall, and saying, "Come quickly." But it was too late. When his brother and sister and his wife arrived, they only learned that he was dead. His body was brought home, and buried by the side of his brother Edward at Mount Auburn. His mother's record of his death in her

journal is simply this, "A battle took place on the 2d of July, in which Paul was mortally wounded at the head of his regiment, and survived until the 4th, hearing of the victory, and rejoicing in it. The shouts roused him, and he asked which side had won the day. They told him ours. His eye lighted up with gratitude, and he sunk into unconsciousness." And afterwards she writes of the loss of her two sons, "The lesson has been widely different from what we expected; and we know we have had no peculiar claim to so much blessing. Now the chief object is to be cheerfully resigned to the will of God; to treasure the recollection of their strong, dutiful lives, and the hope that the discipline they endured had fitted them to ascend to a more perfect happiness and a better development; and to remember the high motives that led them to leave so much they had to live for at home, to give themselves for what they thought the benefit of mankind. It was a willing sacrifice, and, I trust, acceptable to God. They knew the risk they ran.

They knew they carried with them our heart's blood. But the conflict must be met. It was their duty to aid in it. The claim on them was as strong as on any, and gallantly they answered it. Can I doubt that it was the gracious Providence of God that raised them above the mere indulgence of this world's happiness, and that closed their lives for some heavenly purpose?''

One word, in conclusion, with regard to Colonel Revere's religious character, the source of his highest excellence, and the most shining mark of his attainment. It has been seen, that, from his boyhood, he had been governed by right principles, and the desire of all things good. His manhood developed admirable virtues; and so it was, when trials came, that he looked above, and felt his only stay was in the help of Heaven. Religious sentiments and habits grew stronger with his enlarged experience. The sense of living in the sight of God, under His care, and with His aid, became constant and prevailing. On his return from Richmond,

where he had endured so much, and manifested a spirit equal to his lot, and where the word of the Lord and prayer had daily given him strength, and brought the light of a better world to all within that narrow cell, he connected himself, as a communicant, with the Church, saying that he could never go away again, that he could not meet the new perils in his path, without first taking this important step. This was no sudden conviction, brought to pass by strange events, but the sober result of long deliberation. A natural reserve made him slow of speech upon these subjects; but it was from the fulness of his heart that he came to the Lord's table, as he had hitherto been walking by the Lord's side. That he thought deeply and seriously upon such matters is plain from the following extract from one of his last letters, with which this sketch will be brought to a close: "Is it," he writes, "that our human constitution is such that Providence has not intended that events should change, but only modify it; and that the change which we are in the habit

of considering the end of all human experiences may be merely the means of introducing us to a new experience in a different and higher life, where we may hope to be eventually perfected? I love this view of our existence, because I can actually realize through it *that* which is otherwise so difficult really to take in,— that our present life is but a phase of our existence. It seems to me making this not simply a belief, but as much a *reality* to ourselves as that we may grow old, or that any of the experiences we see other men go through may be ours, is the surest means of fitting us for another life; for by this habitual contemplation of it, coupled with religious faith, we shall get to the habit of providing to enter it by the only means given us to do so,— fulfilling our duties."

The following tribute from one, who, from constant association with Colonel Revere since the regiment left the State, most fully appreciated his rare and noble

qualities,* met with a warm response from every officer:

"To the list of the original officers now lost to this regiment (some by death, some by disability from sickness or wounds, and others by promotion in regiments of later enlistment) Gettysburg has added the name —

COL. PAUL J. REVERE.

"The officers remaining cherish the remembrance of their respected names. With regret for the absent, and sorrow for the dead, is also felt pride in their career, and gratitude for their services.

"Colonel Revere's strong character exerted an influence upon the regiment that is still felt. Brave, chivalrous, self-sacrificing, gentle, and generous, he set a noble example of private virtues; and in the establishment and discipline of the regiment his force impressed both officers and men. The worthy possessed in him a friend upon whom to repose an absolute trust; the *unworthy* found him a stern and

* Dr. Hayward.

contemptuous adversary. His discipline was severe, but not debasing; manly sentiments were encouraged, not repressed. By its means, self-respect was fostered in the minds of the aspiring, and begotten where it did not exist. It was demonstrated that discipline should be essential, not merely formal; that obedience, correctness, and zeal were qualities not of external and superficial value alone, for the improvement of the machinery of the service, but that the man himself was to be benefited by the observance; that it was for his own advantage, and to his own credit, that discipline was to be exercised; that the fear of punishment was a low motive, only to be appealed to when higher motives failed; but, if they failed, the alternative, ignoble and disagreeable as it was, would be inevitable.

"Military discipline involves submission on the part of inferior, and authority on that of superior; any other than such relations are incompatible with the fact and the idea of discipline. But the motives for the exercise of authority and

obedience may be as diverse as Christianity and Paganism. While the forms remain the same, obedience may be conscious opposition to law; be rendered from fear, or exacted by force; this is destructive of individuality in the man, is slavish and unchristian. Authority may be used selfishly, and without reference to law; this is tyranical and unchristian. On the other hand, obedience should be rendered by voluntary self sacrifice to the law, and authority exercised with equal abnegation of self; this is enobling, loyal, and Christian; and this was the discipline of Colonel Revere.

"While, with Roman justice, Colonel Revere would not spare the incorrigible villain, his support was always ready for the weak; and the sick and suffering would be attended by him with the gentleness of a father. He was warmly attached to his regiment, and even when absent from it, in the summer of 1862, as corps inspector on General Sumner's staff, he still loved to be near it; and at Antietam he rode against the enemy, and was

wounded in front of its advancing line. His health had been permanently impaired by confinement as a prisoner-of-war in Richmond; but his stanch endurance would not succumb to his disease. In sickness, as in health, he was still the cheerful and dauntless Christian soldier. Gettysburg has cost his regiment a deeply respected and beloved commander; and Massachusetts has lost a citizen worthy of that name *(præclare et venerabile nomen!)* Paul Revere."

From a Brother Officer

(F. W. Palfrey)

"The death of Colonel Revere is at once a heavy affliction to his family and his friends, and a public calamity. Few men have enjoyed a larger share of the regard of those who have known them; and it is safe to say, that, of those who have gone to the war from Boston, no one was more valuable than he. His friends know too well the loss they have sustained in losing him to need a public tribute to the many qualities that have won for him

their respect, their admiration, and their love. He has done and suffered more than most men for the cause; and at last, when the hour of victory was near, he has died the death of a soldier, and at the head of his tried and trusty regiment. It is fitting that all should know the military history of such a man; and to contribute to that end this sketch is written.

"In the summer of 1861 he accepted the position of major in the Twentieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and employed himself with energy and success in raising and disciplining that regiment. He marched with it to the field in the month of September of the same year. Drill and light picket duty occupied the following weeks; and Major Revere devoted much of his leisure time to acquainting himself with the topography of the country about his camp, and to laborious and patient observation of the position and works of the hostile forces on the farther side of the Potomac. Nature had bestowed upon him in a peculiar degree the faculty which is known as an 'eye for

country;' and his tastes had led him frequently, in earlier years, to the hunting grounds which border our northern lakes, and there he had made much progress in woodcraft. In his new position he was always eager to extend this knowledge, and turn it to account, and always studying to bring the *coup d'œil militaire* to perfection. The fortune of war speedily and suddenly removed him from the scene of his usefulness, and substituted the narrow walls of a prison for the lovely scenery of the Upper Potomac. The story of Ball's Bluff is too familiar to need a repetition, and the manly part which Major Revere took in that struggle is well known. But it may be well to state, that, of the scanty transportation by which our forces crossed to the Virginia shore, a material portion was due to his forethought and energy. He suggested the transfer of a boat from the Maryland to the Virginia side of Harrison's Island by water, and himself saw that the long and laborious effort was made and carried out.

"In less than two months from the time when Major Revere went from Massachusetts to the field, he was a wounded prisoner in Richmond; and it was not much later that the stern policy of the Southern government demanded hostages for the captured privateersmen, and it was his lot to go into close captivity. The sufferings of those long and dreary months were borne by him with fortitude and patience; but it was thought by his comrades that he was never the same man again. His spirit was unchanged; but the strong constitution seemed to have been weakened by his long confinement, and the tough frame was less enduring of the trials and exposures of the peninsular campaign.

"Major Revere rejoined his regiment just in time to march with them into the abandoned works at Yorktown. In the following week he rendered efficient service wherever there was work for him to do; and the thin remnant of those who served with him then will remember the energy and thoroughness with

which he led the skirmishers through the woods and swamps which edged the Chickahominy, and how gallantly he played his part, and how clearly his voice rang, on that dark afternoon when Sumner met the rebel left as it swung round at Fair Oaks, and the Twentieth first had its revenge for Ball's Bluff, and took prisoners from eleven of the thirteen States of the Confederacy. There was fighting often in those days, and dangerous and fatiguing outpost duty. In all these scenes, in battle and skirmish, on the picket-line and in camp, Major Revere showed himself the faithful, the conscientious, the gallant soldier. But it was in the hard battle of Glendale, on the 30th of June, 1862, that Major Revere first had an opportunity to show, on a larger scale, his value as a soldier and his fitness for high command. On that day, when McCall's division had been driven from their position, with heavy loss of men and guns, and the enemy seemed near to piercing our centre, and cutting off a large portion of our army, Sedgwick's division

did much towards restoring the battle. Major Revere was detailed for staff duty that afternoon, and it is hard to estimate his services too highly. His activity was unremitting, his gallantry conspicuous, and his quick and trained eye ever ready to see what needed to be seen at those critical moments. He worked as few men can work, in conducting ready regiments to the points where they were needed, and in stimulating the unready by every influence which only the true soldier can exert. He had two horses shot, and was severely bruised by the fall of one, as he strove to leap it wounded, across a ditch where he felt that he must go. For his gallant services General Sedgwick made special mention of him.

"In the long trial of the seven-days' battles, Major Revere showed, in an eminent degree, the virtue of cheerful fortitude. Those who have not seen hard service do not know the worth of this, nor how comparatively rare it is. When the frame is worn by excessive fatigue, and exhausted by want of food and sleep,

and the mind is kept on the stretch by the severest excitement and anxiety which man can experience, many a gallant soldier becomes depressed; and the dispirited countenance and the discouraged speech exert an injurious influence upon all around. Those who fought their way from the lines before Richmond to James River, last summer, know how much harm came from this cause; and those who saw Major Revere know that none of this harm came from him. He always appeared cheerful and hopeful, and in so bearing himself he did more service, and showed more of the true spirit of the soldier, than men can do and display by gallantry amid the stirring excitement of the battle-field.

"In the sultry camp at Harrison's Landing, Major Revere languished. The effects of prison life seemed to show themselves, and his frame seemed shaken by his fall at Glendale. He crept out with the regiment to Malvern Hill when our forces retook it in August; but there his manifest unfitness for the field attracted

the attention of General Sumner, and that kind-hearted officer at once ordered him to the rear, and gave him leave of absence.

"He returned to the field in September, but not now as major of the Twentieth. He came back as inspector-general of the Second Corps, on the staff of General Sumner, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He rode by the side of General Sumner into the field of blood at Antietam, where, in thirty minutes, fifty-five per cent of Dana's brigade of Sedgwick's division were shot down. Here, as everywhere, he did good service, till a wound disabled him, and sent him to the rear, not knowing that his brother, a brave and devoted surgeon, lay on the same field, shot through the heart.

"His recovery from his wound was at first rapid; but afterwards he was attacked by rheumatic pains, which caused him cruel sufferings, and for a long time kept him from the field. As soon as he was fit to go back, and, as many thought, before he was fit, he reported for duty again. His old chief, General Sumner, who ever

showed special regard for him, was dead; and there was no place for him on the staff of the new commander of the corps. Under these circumstances, he was appointed to the command of his old regiment, and by the side of his companions in so many fights, on the 2d of July, 1863, he received the wound of which he died two days after, when the country for which he had given his life was rejoicing over her dear-bought victory.

"His life was honorable, his death was glorious; but he leaves us in deep sorrow for his loss. His tall and manly form is laid to rest in Mount Auburn, but the memory of his virtues remains. As long as those who have known him shall be on earth, there will be a place in their hearts for the true friend, the gallant and conscientious soldier, the accomplished Christian gentleman."

FROM AN OLD FRIEND AND SCHOOLMATE

(EDWARD ELLERTON PRATT)

"The death of Col. Paul J. Revere, who was mortally wounded in the recent

battle at Gettysburg, has brought forth in this community, where he was so well known, an expression of the esteem in which he was held for his high and lofty character, his unbending rectitude, his noble courage, and his undying patriotism. All these traits of his character were so well known, and so cordially assented to, that it is needless to dwell upon them. Of these we have already spoken; but it is of his characteristics — exhibited rather in the private circle than to the public, to his intimates rather than to his acquaintances — that we propose to say a few words.

"When a boy, in that truest of republics, the playground, his companions instinctively recognized in him a leader. There that keen sense of justice, which seemed to be part and parcel of him, was so conspicuous, that he was the well-known umpire in the boyish disputes of his companions; and we fondly recall the often used expression, 'I'll leave it to Paul,' — an arbitration which was, we believe, always assented to by the other

party to the dispute; and we may add, that we do not remember one case where the equity of his decision was not acknowledged and supported by the majority of his playmates. The same justice that he accorded to others, he demanded, always firmly, sometimes sternly, should be shown to him. This sense of justice was never in the least degree blunted; and we have yet to meet the first one who denied it to him,—say, rather, who did not cheerfully acknowledge it to be his.

"He was the most manly of men we have ever known. We never knew him to even approach the doing of an unmanly or dishonorable act; but we have heard him stigmatize the doing of such by others, even when by his speech he incurred considerable risk, and could hope for no gain.

"He was, too, one of the sweetest and most cheerful-tempered men we ever met. We have never, during an acquaintance of more than twenty years, seen him so angry as to lose his self-control; never, under the most vexatious circumstances,

have known him to be peevish or fractious; but we have known him when the blood was cool, after a sharp controversy, own to his adversary that probably he had, in the heat of the moment, spoken more harshly than he meant, and ask his pardon; which is of so rare occurrence that it deserves to be recorded of him. This never-failing cheerfulness was particularly conspicuous when he languished so many dreary months in the prison at Richmond, after his capture at the battle of Ball's Bluff. There he exerted the utmost faculties of his mind and body to impart hope and cheerfulness to his desponding companions in misfortune; and when they were allowed, every now and then, a brief space to breathe a purer air than that of their prison-house, he devoted himself to running and leaping, and other athletic exercises, that he might, as he said, retain sufficient animal vigor to enable him to cheer up the drooping ones around him.

"We think we speak the exact truth, when we say, that, dying, he has not left a single enemy behind him.

"We have not thought to write his eulogy. Let that be done by other and by abler hands. It is ours only to condense into a few lines the thoughts that would fill a volume; to say that we loved him, that we honored him, and that he was worthy of any man's or any woman's love and honor. Playmates at school, classmates at college, friends always, we always found him true, honest, loyal, and manly, and believe others have found him the same."

From a Brother Officer

(C. L. Peirson)

"Paul had such a large circle of friends that I was only one of many; but I so valued his friendship, that his loss will never be supplied to me. He was my *beau ideal* of the soldier, the gentleman, and the man of character. I have every reason to know his virtues; for I saw him under every form of trial. He never did any thing except from principle. I remember one conversation we had together. We were speaking of the war and its con-

sequences; and I was regretting that the time was all lost to those who did not intend to make the army their profession, but who had a name and place to get in civil life. 'Yes,' he said, 'if *this world were all*.' And I felt rebuked for my complaint. He added, that he thought this opportunity to stand up for right and truth was something to be thankful for; that he was more grateful to his grandfather for the good name he had handed down to him than if he had left him untold wealth. He felt that he owed it to *his* children to leave them a name that some day they might be proud of; and that these sacrifices and labors we were making were golden opportunities, and not losses. Such conversations between us were not rare; and can you wonder that I deeply felt the influence, and now the loss, of such a friend? I know that those of us who remain in the army are liable to meet a similar fate. I have often considered the possibility of it, and I would not murmur if I knew it to be a certainty, could I be sure of leaving be-

hind me so pure a record as that of Paul Revere."

Extracts from Letters from an Officer in the Twentieth

(C W. Folsom)

"I wanted to write and tell you how much we all, and I in particular, missed your brother. I had never known him intimately till his return the last time, when we messed together, although peculiarly attracted to him from first acquaintance, by a certain similarity of taste for outdoor matters and for woodland life, which he had so strong a relish for. The more I saw of army matters and of him, the more I recognized his remarkable fitness for a leader, and how he would have *adorned* a service which so often *gives* rather than *receives* a lustre. Just as in other walks of life, the army shows its share of selfishness and unworthy motives; but your brother always seemed above all such aims, and seemed to feel the necessity of elevating the character of the profession. He was always

considerate, thoughtful, and moderate; and I always went to him, sure that his head and heart would both give their due weight to his decisions. We did not realize, till we had lost him, how much we were going to lose; but I think, had he lived, there would have been no limit to the distinction he might have attained, but in his own ambition."

From the Same

"I would have spent six months in the old Richmond jail, as Paul Revere did, willingly, if so I could have warded off the death that too surely took him and Henry Ropes on the 2d and 3d. Colonel Revere lived until the 4th. He was struck by a canister-shot through the lungs. Both were men of the very highest type of calm, principled bravery that New England furnishes, and the very embodiment of knightly and Christian chivalry. Revere was a calm, thoughtful, judicious man, shrewd, but remarkably straightforward and sincere. He was a little reserved in manner, and sometimes stern

in speech, but as kind as a woman. General Sumner's inspector-general, and a favorite with him, shows his calibre and tone. There seems to be no limit to the usefulness in after-life of such men as Revere and Ropes, with their principles and with their natural talents brought out and sharpened, in the peculiar direction which army life gives."

From the Same

"You remember Dr. Revere,— that he lost his life by going to the very front, with the most heroic self-devotion and noble courage, and the most brave and chivalrous interpretation of the orders to the surgeons? Revere was in the midst of his humane work when he fell."

From a Cousin

(A. S. Robbins)

July 16, 1863.

"Dear, glorious Paul, with all life could give, for him I feel no regret. His beautiful spirit has gone to a brighter home. His work was done, his discipline com-

plete; and his reward could no longer be withheld. But for you all (for us all, for I, too, had a sense of right in Paul, a pride in that he *was*, what he was, a dependence, that, when need came, he would help me as he had done) his departure seems a gap never to be made good, an emptiness and desolation that is overwhelming to think of. Human words seem empty, and mock this bitter heartache at such a time. I can only sorrow for you, and hope and pray God will send you peace and help to bear this great burthen he has seen best to lay upon you."

BEVERLY FARMS, July 12, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Sprague and I cannot refrain from expressing to you and Mrs. Revere our heartfelt sympathy in this your second great bereavement. We have known what it is to lose a beloved son just entering upon manhood, and have felt that grief which none but a parent can feel.

You have every consolation which such an affliction admits. Both your noble sons fell on the field of successful battle, in a righteous cause, —a cause of justice, freedom and humanity, and all the blessings of good government. If the prophet had lent his chariot of fire and his horses

of fire, their ascent could hardly have been more glorious. Their names will be most honorably associated with the great battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, and will be a noble inheritance to their children and grandchildren forever. But we feel how feeble are even these consolations, and how little an affliction like yours can be alleviated by any considerations which belong only to earth and time. Our consolations and hopes must be drawn from heaven and eternity, from the infinite but inscrutable goodness of God.

Most sincerely your friend,

P. Sprague.

New-York Tribune, July 14, 1863

"The graceful, gallant Paul Revere has fallen. I have just returned from the funeral. Owing to the shattered state of his father's health, broken by the fall of a second son in this war, the funeral was private and unannounced; but not even the fear of intruding kept away the throng who would not suffer that the favorite, the flower, of our noble youth, should go to his grave unattended.

"Paul Revere was more like one of the 'gentle knights' of Spenser's 'Fairy

Queen' (all courtesy, honor, affection, and magnanimity) than like even the worthiest, cleverest, and bravest of this generation; handsome, sensitive, affectionate, and courteous, with that kind of courage which we call *knightly*, from our ideal of the hero who dislikes and despises violence and brute force for its own sake, but worships honor, and cannot do or suffer or permit any thing that conflicts with that, or that does injury to the just rights or feelings of another. At school, in college, in society, around the family hearth, in the camp, on the field of battle, in prison a hostage for threatened lives, he was always the same. All knew what he would do and say. The highest and best was expected of him; and he always did and said what satisfied the noblest aspirations.

"Colonel Revere left more, and put more at risk, than most men in this war. He had wealth, friends, favor, social position, the charm of a young wife and a newly-planted family hearth; and he was drawn by no attraction of public office or

a political future. Yet, with all his charm and beauty, he has had a very hard lot in his military life. His first battle was the disaster of Ball's Bluff, where his regiment (the Twentieth Massachusetts, of which he was then major) lost heavily, and behaved nobly, and where so many of his friends fell killed or wounded around him. Then, for many months, he suffered the weariness and disgust of close confinement in a felon's cell at Richmond, where he and his colonel were held as hostages for the rebel privateers, whom the United-States court had convicted as pirates, knowing that death by the hangman was his possible fate by the news of any day's mail. After release and exchange came the campaign on the James River, and the well-fought fields, fevers, retreats, and evacuations. The first successful battle, the first gleam of sunshine, was at Antietam, where he was on General Sumner's staff, and complimented for his gallantry; but there he received a severe wound, which gave him a long winter of pain and seclusion.

Scarcely recovered, promoted to the command of his old regiment, the Twentieth, he received his death-wound in the first successful battle of this campaign."

THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS AND CHURCH ADVOCATE, JULY 24, 1863

"Died from wounds received in the battle of Gettysburg, Paul Joseph Revere, colonel of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment.

"Born to a heritage of honorable memories bequeathed him by actors in the drama of our war for independence, Colonel Revere, from the start, gave himself to the support of our new struggle for nationality. True always to his deliberate convictions of what the crisis demanded of him as a son of the republic, he has now given his all to the holy cause which he espoused; and few had more to give. As major of the Twentieth at Ball's Bluff, he bore himself with a coolness marked even among the brave men who suffered on that perilous day, and in the retreat, after all relief had failed, became

a prisoner. Subjected to the rigors of a Richmond prison, and for several months put in close and cruel confinement as a hostage for the safety of rebels in the hands of our government, with all the anxieties of his uncertain position he bore himself with the calmness which was always a quality of his life. Released, he returned to his post, and served with his regiment in the peninsular campaign. He came out from under the wasting fires of some of its most sanguinary days, wounded and with impaired health, but with a new lustre of courage and conduct in the eyes of those with whom he served.

"Invited to General Sumner's staff at Antietam, exposed to the hottest fire in the division which that day immortalized itself with victory, he escaped death to fall in the Friday's fight at Gettysburg.

"Colonel Revere was a man of singularly winning ways and qualities. Under manners almost womanly in their gentleness and delicacy, and a reserve with most men which was almost taciturn, he held a calm, resolute courage, self-reliance

and unwavering constancy in behalf of any cause he felt to be right and honorable. Possessing the instincts of a gentleman, his intercourse with all was charitable and gentle; and what he was he carried with him into the scenes of war, where so much of the best in men so often seems to disappear.

"His is a simple, an honorable, a most pathetic story. Two sons lie together in our Mount Auburn,— one who died at Antietam in the maddest hour of that terrible day, and one not quite a year after, dead in the same army, on the soil of Pennsylvania, and in the same holy cause. The same sorrow falls upon the same hearts; and the same cross must be lifted up again by men and women who miss in this life the loyal, the brave, the beloved. So closes another grave in peace, though the end was stormy. May God give to those who bow over it in agony his peace, and may all, who mourn, find their friend in their Redeemer!"

THIS MONUMENT MARKS THE POSITION OCCUPIED BY THE TWENTIETH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY
IN LINE OF BATTLE JULY 2D AND 3D 1863 UNTIL ADVANCED TO THE FRONT OF THE COPSE OF
TREES ON ITS IMMEDIATE RIGHT TO ASSIST IN REPELLING THE CHARGE OF
LONGSTREET'S CORPS

THIS TABLET IS PLACED BY THEIR COMRADES IN HONOR OF
COLONEL PAUL JOSEPH REVERE
FIRST LIEUTENANT HENRY ROPES SECOND LIEUTENANT SUMNER PAINE
AND FORTY-ONE ENLISTED MEN
WHO WERE KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED

NEW-YORK HERALD, JULY 18, 1863

"Colonel Revere, who died recently at Gettysburg, Penn., from wounds received at the battle of Gettysburg, was a grandson of Paul Revere of Revolutionary fame, and has been connected with the army since the outbreak of the Rebellion. At the time he joined the Tweniieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, he was a resident of Boston, and on the 1st of July, 1861, was elected its major. The regiment was recruited in Boston, and left the State September 4, 1861. It bore a prominent part in the battle of Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861, during which Major Revere was taken prisoner, and confined for months as a hostage in a cell in the Richmond jail. Major Revere was finally released, and returned to his regiment on the peninsular on the 1st of May, 1862; and the flag of the Massachusetts Twentieth Volunteers was among those that were planted on the fortification of Yorktown, that regiment having been among the first to advance upon the works.

The Twentieth was next attached to Franklin's command, and Major Revere took part in the affair of West Point, May 7, 1862. On the 31st of May he was engaged with the re-enforcements sent to the support of General Casey's repulsed division, and arrived on the field at about five, P. M. The regiment had been placed in readiness to charge upon the enemy, merely awaiting the final order, when news came that the enemy's line had been broken amid great confusion. He also took part in the seven-days' battles in the latter end of June, 1862, but more especially at Savage's Station and Nelson's Farm. At the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, the regiment took no active part, but was under fire all day. It formed part of Hooker's reconnoitring force on August 4, and, during the evacuation of the peninsular, formed a portion of the rear guard. During the retreat of Pope's army, the Twentieth held a position a few miles beyond Fairfax Court-house, and brought up the rear of the column the evening of September 1, 1862. From the commence-

ment of the seven-days' contest until this date, Major Revere was acting lieutenant-colonel, the colonel being in command of a brigade. About this time, Major Revere was detached from the regiment, and appointed assistant inspector-general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, dating from August 20, 1862. With this rank and position he took part in the Maryland campaign, and in the battle of Antietam, where he was wounded, and his brother, Dr. E. H. R. Revere, was shot through the heart, and killed; and in the battle of Gettysburg he received the wound which caused his death. Colonel Revere was noted for his gallantry and daring, as well as his military skill; and his death will be greatly regretted not only by his friends, but by every member of his late command."

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A Memorial of Paul Joseph
Revere and Edward H.R.

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